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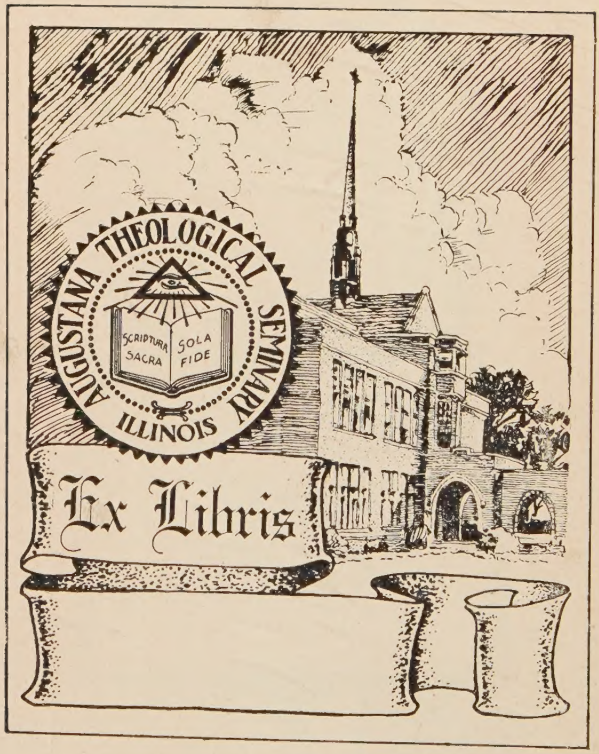
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RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD

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RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD

By

ABBA HILLEL SILVER,
D.D., LITT.D.

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TO

MY CHILDREN

DANIEL JEREMY

AND

RAPHAEL DAVID

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THE RÔLE OF RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD

THE RÔLE OF RELIGION IN A CHANGING WORLD

MUCH of our religious thinking in recent years has been characterized by nervousness and timidity. In the face of the widely-heralded new world of the scientific mold and temper, religious thinking, especially of the liberal type, has become diffident and panicky. Never was liberal theology in such a mortal funk as it is today. For it has finally come face to face with its real foe—the Apollyon of materialism, agnosticism and atheism.

Heretofore, the religious liberal was engaged rather pleasantly in attacking orthodoxy. In his onslaught upon the crumbling citadels of orthodoxy, the liberal could command all the battering rams of modern science. He had a fairly easy time of it—at least in the realm of ideas; and he felt secure and a bit smug in his numerous triumphs over the discomfited creeds and dogmas of orthodox religion. But the battle suddenly swept far beyond the fundamentalist-modernist sector. The

main positions of religion itself, of all religion, the liberal's included, are now attacked by the ancient and bitter and powerful enemy—materialism and atheism. And this time it is the enemy who is in possession of the weapons of modern science.

In this major attack upon religion, the orthodox religionist finds himself in a stronger position than the liberal. The orthodox entrenches himself in a supernaturalism against which the attacking waves of scepticism hurl themselves in vain. He is bulwarked behind revelation and tradition. The liberal, however, must fight in the open, and with weapons which, he suspects, are not as strong or as modern as those of his enemy.

There was a time when religion was "dominatrix" in the realm of human thought and when science was its handmaiden. Religion was autonomous, while science derived its authority from religion. Science had to justify itself by its agreement with Scriptural doctrine or church tradition. Whenever a scientific truth was not in consonance with accepted religious truth, it was automatically invalidated.

The relative position of religion and science is reversed today. Today science is autonomous and imperial, and religion stands before its throne timid,

apologetic and confused. Religion tries fearfully hard to persuade science that it does not in any way run counter to any of its decrees and that science may, without doing violence to its own nature, leave religion a foot-hold upon which to stand. Adonibezek is now gathering crumbs at the proud table of the conqueror! . . .

And no wonder! So many conquests and tributaries have followed the triumphal procession of science in recent times. Science can point to so many remarkable achievements, such tangible and amazing victories. It has freed man from many of his physical limitations. It has equipped man to see further, reach higher, travel faster, and communicate more speedily. It has increased man's powers a hundredfold, giving him myriads of mechanical servants, freeing him from the bondage of drudgery and mightily increasing his wealth. It has stamped out many of man's dread plagues and diseases, alleviated his pain, prolonged his life, and given him a sense of greater security and physical well-being. Above all, it has placed in his hands a method for future progress. It has taught him how to investigate intelligently and experiment creatively in chemical, physical and medical laboratories.

To what victories comparable to these can religion point? None. Dealing in imponderables it can show no favorable balance sheet. In a world engrossed in material utilities, which measures values with a tradesman's gauge, religion finds itself in the diffident mood of him who must live upon sufferance and toleration, not earning his own keep.

Here again the liberal is disadvantaged. The older faiths can proffer men fascinating rewards of a very concrete and substantial character, if not in this world, then in the next. The older faiths accept the conventional standards of profit and utility. Science helps men to lay up treasures on earth, and religion helps men to lay up treasures in heaven. That is an effective argument. In either case there are treasures. But the liberal can make no such offers. He has no heaven. He cannot give men either bread in this world or nectar and ambrosia in the world to come.

Religious forces have also been severely shaken by the successful manner in which science has in recent years stripped religion of many of the fictions which for so long were bound up with it. Science compelled religion to surrender, reluctantly enough, one by one, the myths which clustered

round it, the myths of revelations, miracles, resurrections, divine books, glamorous eschatologies and fanciful cosmologies. Under the corrosive acids of critical research venerable facts turned out to be fictions and self-evident truths were disclosed to be self-evident fancies. As a result, the religionist is now possessed by a fear complex. He fears that the process of devaluation will not stop at what he now acknowledges to have been only the husks and not the kernel of religion. Science may reveal that the kernel, itself, is a myth and a delusion. The crushing and humiliating blows dealt by science to so much that was held to be of the very essence of religion, have left the religionist cowed and dazed.

And then, too, everybody seems to be talking of a changing world and the religionist does not know just what is expected of him in order to keep pace with this changing world. Hardly a modern book on the physical or the social sciences, hardly a dissertation on history, biology, psychology, sociology, economics or ethics, but what the first few pages will call attention, vividly and dramatically, to the radical changes which have come over the world since 1900 or 1850 or 1800. Hardly a modernist sermon but what will use the fact of recent change in human

life and thought as a very telling introduction to anything it may have to say on any moral or religious theme. In fact, so much is being said of change today that men may come to believe that the nineteenth century discovered it. Be that as it may, it is apparent on all sides that everyone and everything is on the move. Religion finds itself a slow pedestrian in this cross-country race and it is irreverently jostled and knocked about and bewildered. Scientific text-books are out-dated every five or ten years. Yet the religionist is still quoting ancient religious texts and the moral opinions of orientals who lived thousands of years ago. He is made to feel as if he were still pothering vainly among the alembics, vials and retorts of medieval alchemy while the world is busily at work in the efficient laboratories of modern science. Change is expected of him, and yet he does not know what to change and how far to change and on what basis to change. He is admonished that religion has always changed and that morality is no more than the latest expression of shifting mores. He is not entirely convinced. Something tells him that this is not the whole story. Instinctively he is aware that religion cannot change anarchically and indis-

criminately without doing violence to its essential genius, and that mores somehow do not encompass the full sweep of the dynamic moral idealism of mankind. And yet life about him is tense and vivid with kaleidoscopic change, and he feels like an anachronism. He wonders whether his race is not already run, whether his rôle in the world is not already played and finished.

But the patient and sober religionist will not be stampeded and will quietly and courageously carry on. He knows that nothing has transpired in the world of thought to shake the foundations of religion. No newly discovered knowledge necessitates the abdication of religion. Modern science has given the anti-religionist no new arguments which were not known to the atomists of ancient Hellas or to the materialists of all times—arguments which religion has through the ages countered with equally potent arguments. The mythologies which religion was forced to surrender were only the base degrees by which it rose to the higher levels. Science, too, has but recently sloughed off its own dark superstitions of astrology, alchemy and quackery.

In our day, as in the days of Democritus and Lucretius, the struggle is still between two opposing

opinions—neither scientifically demonstrable—the spiritual versus the materialistic conception of the nature of the universe. It is the immemorial and everlasting struggle; and it will forever be man's privilege and dread responsibility to place himself on the side of the one or the other. Either opinion can be competently championed and defended. Religion champions the spiritual view of the universe. Materialism is no more scientific than theism—and no less. It is certainly not the last word in philosophy. In fact, it is the first and the most obvious. He who believes that the universe is a Personality, an intelligent Will expressing itself in infinite variety, need not feel that his belief is any less scientific than the belief of him who holds that the universe is a Thing, mere blind matter in senseless agitation, that life is only a chemical process and thought only the fortuitous concourse and inter-play of unthinking atoms.

When materialism, which is not science but only an interpretation of science, will trace for man the successive stages by which insensate units of energy combine themselves through motion and organization into the pattern of Aristotle's or Plato's mind, when it will demonstrate by what unbroken process

of continuity lifeless and mind-less clay evolves into a being, thinking, aspiring man, and how a universe devoid of personality and will can give rise to personality and will in man, then there will be time enough to consider the relinquishment of a spiritual interpretation of life.

The modern religionist will not be discouraged by the fact that inherent in his thinking are hypotheses which cannot be scientifically established. He will recall that inherent in all truth, even scientific truth, are not only hypotheses which may or may not be found true, but fictions which are demonstrably false, but which are nevertheless indispensable to thought and action. The scientific concepts of matter, energy, time, space, cause, effect, the atom, the electron, classification, etc., are not truth but only artifices of thought, convenient summaries, not realities. The religionist will, therefore, not look to the scientist to verify his faith; for as soon as the scientist attempts to construct a metaphysical system on the basis of his scientific knowledge, he leaves the realm of strict science, and his credentials are no more imposing than those of the theologian. The religionist is pleased when the sci-

entist agrees with him, though such agreement is not indispensable.

Nor will the modern religionist be impressed by the argument of the humanist that in as much as there is no scientific certainty in any interpretation of the universe, the whole problem should be ignored. One should cultivate an attitude of detached scepticism towards the enclaving universe and center his attention entirely upon the cultivation of his own life in society. One should play and enjoy the game of life regardless of "whether he saw the thing as comedy or high tragedy or plain farce."

But the problem cannot be thus cavalierly dismissed. It has a way of intruding itself even into our most heroic moods. Life wants to know its terms of reference to the universe. Men who vibrate to the force of ideas and who are sensitive to their implications will not live contentedly or joyously, or struggle for an ideal sacrificially, when they become convinced that life is nothing more than a plain farce. No idealist ever died upon the cross for a cause which he knew to be a stupid comedy, and no man will ever bear the crushing burdens of a life-long defeat for truth's sake or goodness' sake

or beauty's sake, believing at the same time that all life is mean and cheap and meaningless.

Life is not a game and men cannot be summoned to the high disciplines of life by an appeal to sportsmanship. For the very idea of sportsmanship is predicated upon the conviction that the game is fair, and the rules of the game just and reasonable, and that a man has a chance to win. But if life is known to be without purpose or intelligence or fairness or justice, and man is unalterably doomed to defeat, then it is preposterous to summon him to valor and nobility on the basis of sportsmanship.

The builders of the earth, the teachers, the prophets, the fashioners of the new truth and the new beauty require for the driving impulse of their enterprise an overwhelming faith in the essential relatedness of their world of values to the world of universal existence. They must believe that they are co-creators in a purposeful and intelligent world, linked up with an advancing cosmic life and not mere farceurs, comedians or tragedians in an empty, darkened theater.

Thus the first rôle of religion in our world is to proclaim fearlessly as of yore its ancient burden of God, of the universe as the manifestation of di-

vine thought and purpose and of man's at-homeness in it. "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" is still the supreme theme of religion.

Religion has frequently anticipated science. An eminent American scientist recently declared that science has made two momentous contributions to modern thought. It has revealed to man a universe of extraordinary and unexpected orderliness and it has informed man of the vital rôle which he himself can play in it. And yet thousands of years before the scientist arrived at his conclusions on the basis of his researches and experiments, religion arrived at them on the basis of intuitive groping and deductive reasoning. Ages ago religion declared that the universe is cosmos not chaos—"The Lord hath in wisdom founded the earth, He hath established the heavens in understanding." Ages ago religion declared that man was not mere flotsam and jetsam in the river of life, but a co-worker of God, a co-creator, "a little lower than the angels."

Mankind could not wait—and cannot now wait —until the slow accumulation of verifiable knowledge shall give it warrant for a desperately needed philosophy of life. Each generation must live its life—and its life is short. It cannot wait until all

the facts are in and all the data collected. Therefore the spiritual emergencies of the race long ago voiced themselves in mighty postulates, some of which science has now been able to substantiate. It may be found in future times that religion has anticipated many other scientific conclusions in the realm of psychology, sociology and economics. Thus religion has a second rôle to perform in the modern world: to cherish and safeguard the vital and indispensable hopes of the race, expressed in creed and moral code, as long as they are not controverted by surer knowledge, and as long as they serve the advancing needs of human life.

Religion's third rôle in the modern world is to nurture the spirit of hopefulness among men. A scientific age, reared in materialism, may, and frequently does, become a pessimistic age. A materialistic metaphysics leads first to stoicism and then to cynicism and finally to despair. Our modern pessimism is based not on the belief that knowledge will not increase, but on the belief that increased knowledge will bring us decreased happiness, nobility and self esteem. A trayful of mechanical toys, of engines and motors and radios and airplanes is no adequate compensation for the irrevocable loss of

idealism and hope and human pride. Every new scientific discovery seems at first to lower man's position in the universe and to demoralize man's spiritual pride and faith. This happened in the past when science destroyed man's geocentric physics and his homocentric philosophy, and, more recently, when the theory of biologic evolution dragged man down to an unwelcomed kinship with other species of animal life. As these sciences, however, are amplified and assimilated they are found to have elevated man to higher levels of dignity rather than degraded him. But in the flood-tide of new scientific revelations this fact is generally forgotten and men, given to forthright generalizations, are prone to be saddened by the apparent loss in human prestige. "The Modern Temper" of Mr. Krutch is symptomatic of "the bleak and arid despair which is settling over the minds of the moderns." "The Impotence of Man" of Prof. Charles Richet of France, Nobel Prize winner for Physiology, is another indication of the flood of spiritual desolation which is engulfing our age.

Man is chained down, declares this scientist, to this paltry mass of gas, stone and mud which is our planet. He is isolated in the vast empty spaces of the

universe. He is defenseless against the possible cataclysm of the earth colliding with another mass of matter wandering in the solar system, or against being enveloped in the poisonous gases of some comet. He cannot prevent the progressive cooling of the earth which will in time leave it a block of snow and ice from which all life will have vanished.

Man cannot escape oblivion. One out of a hundred million is remembered by posterity. What the earth covers men forget. During his life he is subject to the play of physiological forces which he cannot control. He requires all the skill of medicine and surgery and dentistry to keep his bodily machine from breaking down utterly. His mind is subject to the afflictions of his body and "his soul ages as his body grows old." He cannot decree what his own children shall be, whether they shall be handsome or ugly, wise or dull, good or bad. Man is constantly attacked and rendered miserable by hates and jealousies, torn by wars and discord. The great questions of the world he can not answer. Whence he came and whither is he bound? Why is man? Why are stars, and solar systems, and evolution? Why is anything?

Thus meditates a great man of science.

To all of which religion replies: "There is God and therefore human life cannot be worthless." Religion is not a demulcent theosophy, an escape from reality. It is the indefeasible optimism of the race which sustains itself on the conviction that the universe of which man is a part, is the dwelling place of life not of death, of reason not of insensibility, of goodness not of evil. "The Lord is with me, I need not fear." Religion is at heart messianic. It alone can proclaim in our day the dogma of human progress and the value of human ideals.

The religious man is fully aware of the limitations of human life. His most sacred texts frequently remind him of this fact: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and withereth. He fleeth as a shadow and continueth not . . . As the waters fail from the sea, and the river is drained dry, so man lieth down and riseth not. Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be roused out of their sleep."

But there are two convictions which deliver the religious man from utter despair. First, that even within the framework of his circumscribed life he is privileged to achieve greatly and win a measure of

happiness, and secondly that beyond and about his finite life there is the everlasting life of God in Whom all human aspirations find their surety and their consummation.

Man's world is circumscribed, to be sure, but it is also luminous and intriguing, rich in opportunities for magnificently interesting enterprises—a world of song for the poet, beauty for the artist, discovery for the explorer, invention for the scientist, meditation for the philosopher, research for the scholar and work for everybody, a world teeming with problems and adventure, full of exhilarating, challenging tasks on all sides—ignorance to be eradicated, disease to be conquered, wars to be outlawed, poverty to be stamped out—a whole new kingdom of finer human values to be established by human hands. The stout of heart and the strong of faith need never want for combat, zest and romance in such a world.

Granted that we shall never know the beginning or end of things. Granted that our span of life is short and checkered. Granted that we shall forever be subject to accident, sorrow, old age, death and decay. As long as there is delight in creative effort, sustenance in hope, joy in comradeship, happiness

in love, human life may advance triumphantly through the very valley of the shadow of death, singing the proud song of man's ascent. As long as man can carve out of the jungle gleaming cities of homes, temples, schools and gardens, as long as he can hew order out of chaos, fashion sound into music and clay into beauty, as long as he can refine his instincts into ever nobler motives, and organize his world after ever higher patterns of truth and justice, so long may he feel free, privileged and rewarded upon this earth.

And always there is God. We are not building for an ultimate ruin. We are not striving after winds of futility. There is reason, wisdom and justice in the scheme of things. God's universe is perfect and our destiny is part of His perfection—even our tears and all our broken hopes. This is religion's immemorial diapason and one of its most significant contributions to the life of the race.

And perhaps not the least of the rôles which religion should perform in the modern world is to resist change—change which is unintelligent, uninformed and which religion knows, through past experience, to he hurtful. In the sea of human change there are waves and tides. The waves toss.

The tides carry. It is notorious that in the realm of ideas changes are very rapid and frequently move in circles. For a time certain ideas lose caste. Society chooses a group of ideas more in harmony with its dominant interest or mood of the moment. When this interest is superseded by another, a new idea-logic orientation takes place. The old ideas are displaced and new ones come into vogue. Thus recurrent oscillations in idea-cycles take place. That a certain age prefers one group of ideas to another is no vindication of the ideas accepted and no refutation of the ideas rejected. That age has simply voiced its dominant interest. Another age will speak differently.

But religion is, in a sense, a summary of the basic spiritual interests and needs of all ages. It is concerned with what is timeless and fundamental in human experience. It cannot be expected to adjust itself to the shifting moods of every epoch. It should not. Social changes may be changes for the worse as well as for the better. If religion is to keep pace with every change, it loses its value to society. It will then trail human life instead of guiding it. Religion must not become a frail bark tossed about on the surface eddies and cross-cur-

rents of a day or a generation. Heavily freighted with the wisdom of the ages, it must ride the deep channels of time. One of its greatest opportunities is to tide mankind over its periods of confusion and uncertainty, to "stay put," as it were, when all about is roiled and seething, to act as a balance-wheel for the race when new theories throw it into vast intellectual commotion and to admonish society not to confound that which is novel with that which is new.

Our age is particularly clamorous for change. Men have again been enticed by the ancient apostasy of a "god-less" world. Religion is called upon to cast the mantle of its respectability over agnosticism and atheism, and from a faith to turn itself into a sociology. Religion has refused to do that in the past. It must refuse to do so now. It must refuse to lend its name to all schools of ethical speculation which ignore God even though seven humanist women shall take hold of it saying, "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name; take thou away our reproach."

To be sure moral standards are changing in our day. In fact they are breaking down; but not be-

cause of any profound, searching critique of the old morality, which our age has made, but because of a general weakening of moral fibres caused by increased wealth and ease and luxury and self-pampering and by the wild tempo of a furiously acquisitive civilization. Homes are disintegrating. The purity of family life is disappearing. Men and women are demanding the right of self-expression, though most of them have nothing to express but the most common-place hankerings after the most primitive satisfactions. Religion is asked to sanction this neo-paganism, to give its approval to all new experiments in marriage and divorce, to companionate marriage, to trial marriage, and to all forms of experimental sex promiscuity. And all in the name of the Great God Change. But religion had met these aberrations before and had waged relentless war upon them. It refused to be changed by them. It set about changing them. It must do so again.

Youth, it is said, is in revolt. It is disillusioned with the old religions. The sanctions of traditional morality are no longer binding upon it. Youth today is critical, analytical, impatient of creeds and dogmas. It is seeking a new religion and a new

morality. Religion must reconstruct itself to meet the demands of this new generation. We need a new morality. But where shall we find it? Even our immoralities are not new. We need a new religion but no one has as yet indicated what this new religion is expected to give to youth which the old religions can not.

We suspect that this Revolt of Youth has been over-played by middle-aged moralists and lecturers. Our young people are no more critical or radical or intellectual than their elders. The American people today is economically conservative, politically orthodox, internationally narrow-minded, religiously indifferent and morally cruising. And so are the young people. If this generation of young people were truly revolutionary in thought and mood, it would give evidence of it in its attitude towards the economic problems, the social problems, the political problems and the international problems of our day. We venture the assertion that there is no more conservative, stand-pat young man in the world than the racoon-coated "homo sapiens" on the American campus.

Our young people are criticized for being too free. Actually they are not free at all. The freedom

of moral bravado is, after all, only another and grosser form of servitude. In matters that really count, in political, economic and social thinking, in questions of social justice, war and peace, nationalism and patriotism, they are as orthodox, as unimaginative and as submissive as the most hidebound Babbitts of their day. They cannot rise above the prejudices of their group. They have been educated not for freedom but for conformity.

A moral revolt implies a moral upreaching, a yearning for the freer spaces of the spirit and for a nobler way of living won through a firmer self-discipline. Mere self-indulgence and sowing of wild oats, mere lack of restraint and the vulgarization of speech, manners and conduct, may be revolting. They are not a revolt. The flaunting of conventions, unaccompanied by a critical appraisal and by a readiness to substitute for them still higher conventions is far from being an unquestioned sign of moral advance. It is fortunate for an age to have both the occasion and the courage to be frankly analytical of accepted moral standards and conventions. But to be critical without being captious, an age must have a canon of criticism, an intelligent measure of evaluation. It is well for youth

to be insubordinate but one must be insubordinate for some moral end.

Religion should not lose confidence in itself because of the indifference of the young people of our day to it. Truth does not have to be submitted to the approval of any age group—to discover whether young people of eighteen or twenty approve of it. There are many truths which men resist or ignore when they are young and come to cherish and hold dear later on. The test of spiritual truth is whether it does not run counter to demonstrated scientific truth and whether it functions beneficently in the life of the race. The passing or even permanent mood of a certain age group, or the back-sliding of a generation, is no refutation of truth.

The temper of our age is not religious, nor philosophic nor artistic. It is technologic. It is not given to speculative thought, or meditation or spiritual questing. It is not hostile to them, only indifferent. Our young people reflect this pervading mood and temper of our civilization. But religion cannot reflect them without totally destroying itself. Religion must labor to bring about a change of emphasis in our present day values and interests, and it must

wait patiently and confidently for this change to come about.

It is said that young men today are questioning. That is good. This is the first step. But the next step is for them to try to answer these questions. And when young men set about answering them, they will first of all discover, to their amazement, that nearly all their answers have been anticipated long ago. That will be their first lesson in humility. And then they will discover that no single man or generation can recapitulate the whole record of mankind's vast moral gropings and experiences any more than they can recapitulate the whole process of mankind's acquisition of knowledge. Some things must be taken for granted. It would be foolish for a young man who studies medicine to begin with the physiologic theories of Galen. Morally, youth should begin not where the race began—in the jungle—but where the race left off after vast epochs of moral adventure and aspiration.

To our changing world then and to every changing world religion offers the same basic thought-pattern—the reality of God, the reality of personality, the reality of truth, beauty and goodness. It cannot depart from these postulates without com-

plete abdication. It offers also to our changing world its ancient moral idealism, an idealism which points to the twin-goals of freedom and responsibility, which sublimates human nature without falsifying it, and which demands loyalty to distant social objectives not yet attained. Its morality is more than social mores. It is at peace with some social mores and at war with others. It evaluates mores and transcends them. It is the call of prophecy.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

THE conflict between religion and science is more apparent than real. There is no fundamental issue between them. While the conflict has been waged long and furiously, it has been on issues utterly unrelated either to religion or to science. The conflict has been largely one of trespassing, and resulted from the attempt of the one to poach on the preserves of the other. As soon as religion and science discover their legitimate spheres the conflict ceases.

Religion, of course, has been very slow and loath to surrender its claim to sovereignty in all departments of human life; and science, flushed with recent victories, has been quick to lay claim to a similar sovereignty. Hence the conflict.

There is, of course, some excuse for religion to entertain imperialistic pretensions, for in religion all the arts and sciences originated and under its ægis they flourished for a very long time.

The first architecture of mankind was religious

architecture—the temple. The first poetry of mankind was religious poetry—the hymn. The first drama of mankind was religious drama—festival pageantry and ritual. The first science of mankind was religious science—magic, astrology and priestly therapeutics. All government was originally theocratic. The ruler was either himself the high priest or was ruled by the high priest. All law was religious law. All social custom was religious custom. There was no separation between the sacred and the profane. Religion enswathed the whole life of man as with an element.

One can, therefore, readily understand the unwillingness of religion to yield up its hegemony in this realm to the steady secularization of life. Such abdication was nevertheless inevitable. The wards of religion—the arts and the sciences—were not content to remain forever under the tutelage of religion, for in the course of time this tutelage became oppressive. As religion was institutionalized it became extremely conservative, set in its ways and jealous of its prerogatives. The young, eager and venturesome wards of religion fretted under this restraint. They began to strike out for themselves along independent ways to a freer life.

With that the tendency towards secularism began.

Politically the struggle was a bitter one. The Medieval Church regarded itself as sovereign in all fields of human activity. It claimed supremacy in matters both temporal and spiritual. It inherited the imperial ideology of ancient Rome. The sovereignty of national monarchs was subordinated to the interests of the Church-Empire. The political self-consciousness of national rulers and peoples could not, however, be permanently repressed. The struggle set in between the secular state and the imperial church. The state triumphed, and its triumph spelt the ultimate secularization of government and the entire state apparatus.

The church lost, but religion gained. Political power inevitably corrupts religion. Politics is essentially a practical problem of administration and of adjusting the conflicting interests of individuals and groups within the state. It must, by its very nature, submit to expediency. To keep the political machinery going it is necessary to make compromises of all sorts. Religion, however, is not a matter of expediency. It represents the ultimate social idealism of the race. It must steadily hold aloft ideals towards which men should move. When

religion becomes political it loses its prophetic voice. Similarly when politics becomes clerical it sinks into a morass of confusion and obscurantism.

Science, likewise, demanded manumission at the hands of religion. The Medieval Church had taken over the astronomy of Alexandria, the metaphysics of Aristotle, the psychology of Plotinus and the cosmology of Genesis. It gave the obsolescent sciences of the ancient Greeks and Hebrews the imprimatur of orthodox religion. Within this dogmatic framework the newer experimental sciences could not expand.

The unquestioned authority of theologic rubrics in scientific matters had to be challenged. The respective spheres of science and religion had to be sharply defined. The process was long and painful. But the work which was begun by Bruno, Copernicus, Galileo and Kepler was continued with increasing zeal, and religion was constrained to retreat, time and again, before the victorious onslaught of scientific discovery. The church suffered major defeats, first in the realms of astronomy and geology, and latterly in biology and in other fields of human knowledge.

The church did not surrender without a struggle.

Blindly it sought to quench the new enlightenment. By means of bulls and edicts, through inquisitions, anathemas and excommunications, it attempted to prorogue and proscribe truth and to destroy the undeterred truth-seeker. It failed. Here again the church lost but religion gained.

For religion, tied to the dead body of antiquated scientific notions, was tragically handicapped. The authority of its spiritual and moral verities was vitiated by the pseudo-sciences with which they were intertwined. Men could not readily dissociate the two, and their rejection of the one entailed also the rejection of the other.

Obviously the issues over which religion and science, and religion and secular national sovereignty warred had nothing whatever to do with the essential principles or purposes of religion. The church was simply thwarting the processes of decentralization which had set in in the realm of human knowledge and political organization. The erstwhile wards of the church had attained their majority and were clamoring for independence but the church would not relinquish its strict and jealous guardianship. But there was never any real conflict between religion and science as such.

There cannot be. Their respective worlds are different though not oppositive. Their methods are dissimilar and their immediate objectives are not the same. The method of science is observation, that of religion contemplation. Science investigates. Religion interprets. One seeks causes, the other ends. Science thinks in terms of history, religion in terms of teleology. One is a survey, the other an outlook.

The conflict was always between superstition disguised as religion and materialism disguised as science, between pseudo-science and pseudo-religion.

Religion and science are the two hemispheres of human thought. They are different though converging truths. They grow binately. Both science and religion spring from the same seeds of vital human needs.

Science is the response to the human need for knowledge and power. Religion is the response to the human need for hope and certitude. One is an outreaching for mastery, the other for perfection. Both are man-made, and like man himself, are hedged about with limitations. Science can see only those things which man is equipped to see—and his equipment is sadly deficient. Man cannot transcend

his own humanity. Science, vitiated by the constricted agencies of human cognition and by the definitive organization of the human brain, cannot lay claim to an order of truth which is objective and absolute nor can religion lay claim to perfect and final truth on the authority of some supernatural revelation. All truth comes to man by way of his mind-groping and the compelling needs and experiences of his life.

Neither religion nor science, by itself, is sufficient for man. Science is not civilization. Science is organized knowledge; but civilization which is the art of noble and progressive communal living requires much more than knowledge. It needs beauty which is art, and faith and moral aspiration which are religion. It needs artistic and spiritual values along with the intellectual. Man, too, in his individual capacity requires much more than organized knowledge for his life's equipment. He must go beyond the ascertainable to the optative.

Man cannot live on facts alone. What we know is little enough. What we are likely to know will always be little in comparison with what there is to know. But man has a wish-life which must build inverted pyramids upon the apexes of known

facts. This is not logical. It is, however, psychological.

Man found prose inadequate to express his profoundest emotions. He created poetry. He found common speech insufficient for the deepest melodies of his soul. He created music. He found factual truth meager food for the great hunger of his life. He created religion. Poetry, music, all art and all religion implement man's wish-life and enlarge his estate.

Science and religion are not rivals. They are each other's complement and man's binocular vision. In the past science frequently aided religion to correct its perspectives and religion has delivered science from the pitfalls of naturalism, materialistic monism and moral nihilism. It is only when one presumes to be the oracle at the other's shrine that confusion ensues. When the scientist from his laboratory, on the basis of alleged scientific knowledge presumes to issue pronouncements on God, on the origin and destiny of life, on the purposes of creation, and on man's place in the scheme of things he is passing out worthless checks. The funds of his scientific data are utterly insufficient for such large orders. When the religionist delivers ultimatums to

the scientist on the basis of certain hierarchic cosmologies embedded in his sacred texts or when he rummages about the store-rooms of geology, chemistry or biology for some scraps of sanction or some random affidavits to support his claims, he is a sorry spectacle indeed.

When religion, however, on the strength of its own postulates, speaks to men of God and the moral order of His universe, when it sets about unifying and ennobling human life by giving it a central motif, when it reaches down to the main springs of human conduct, which are our elemental wishes and desires, and sets about directing them into socially beneficent channels, when it utters its prophetic burden of justice and love and holiness and peace, then its voice is the voice of eternal spiritual truth, irrefutable and invincible.

The domain of religion is the personality of man and its eternal value to man is that through religious experience he can develop and enrich his personality.

We may accept as a working definition the concept of personality as the organized self of man functioning as a unit in social life, and religious experience as participation in beliefs touching the

ultimate spiritual realities of life and in the mood and activity which derive from them.

Faith will help man to surmount certain intellectual difficulties which he is likely to encounter, and which, if not overcome, may overwhelm and defeat him; and it will make possible abiding ideals in his life which will stimulate his will and give direction and unity to his life's purposes.

Not all the tribulations of man are physical in their nature, or psychic. We are too prone to reduce all human unhappiness to economic want, to physical handicaps, or to psychic maladies. There are other causes which may contribute to the destruction of a man's efficient self, not the least of which is intellectual confusion. There are men who take ideas very seriously and who react to them more sharply than to external forces. There are men whose peace of mind depends upon the finding of a satisfying philosophy of life, one which will master their doubts, strengthen their hearts, and give them confidence to face the exactions and disillusionments of life.

Not so long ago an eminent psychologist sent out a questionnaire to a group of men and women, asking them to answer this question: "If you be-

came convinced that God did not exist, would it make any difference in your Life?" The replies, as one may well imagine, were varied. Some said that it would make no difference at all. One said that it would make him feel terribly lonely in life. Another said that it would make him afraid to face either life or death. And still another said: "If I became convinced that God did not exist, I would destroy myself." This last reply seems very extreme. But those who are acquainted with the dynamics of ideas, with their powers of disruption and integration, will not question the sincerity of the reply. An idea may destroy and may give life. It may wound and it may heal.

Shortly after the theory of evolution was launched in the world a wave of suicide swept through England and Western Europe. The doctrine was new, as yet unanalyzed and uncorrected. There were people who drew some very headlong and disastrous conclusions from it,—that the universe was without purpose or intelligence, a blind mechanism moved by equally blind forces, that the world of the living was just a bloody arena wherein plants, beasts and men struggled ruthlessly for survival and that within this fearful world there

was room neither for ideals nor hopes nor spiritual satisfactions. Among these people there were men whom life had sorely tried and who, quite naturally, asked themselves: "Why, then, should we persist in this unequal struggle? Our sacrifices are of no avail. Why should we travel the hard road, seeing that at the end of it there is nothing but defeat and annihilation? Therefore death is a welcome release."

Tolstoi, in his Confession, writes:

"There was a period in my life when everything seemed to be crumbling, the very foundations of my convictions were beginning to give way, and I felt myself going to pieces. There was no sustaining influence in my life and there was no God there, and so every night before I went to sleep, I made sure that there was no rope in my room lest I be tempted during the night to hang myself from the rafters of my room; and I stopped from going out shooting lest I be tempted to put a quick end to my life and to my misery."

Now Tolstoi lived a full life. His vital energies were not thwarted or driven into a cul-de-sac. His biologic, æsthetic and scientific needs were to a great degree satisfied, and yet one unfulfilled need was threatening to overthrow his whole world. He

lacked the sustaining influence which comes from a realization that the universe is the dwelling place of a benevolent intelligence, and that man in his finite way partakes of it and in his creative efforts is its co-worker.

All men, of course, are not as sensitive to the influence of ideas as Tolstoi, but there are few men who think at all about the eternal problems of life, who would not be helped to a sweeter and freer life once this heroic postulate of faith is made the driving motive of their lives.

The need of God is as real a need in human life as the need of food. It may not be as immediate, but for the realization of life's highest possibilities and for the encompassing of life's noblest program it is as indispensable. It has sometimes been said irreverently that man created God. Beneath this surface cynicism, however, is a profounder truth which often escapes those who utter it. The profounder truth is that man is so constituted that the desperate emergencies of his life compel him to create a God-idea.

There is one fundamental hunger in human life, and that is the hunger for completion. "There is no motive in life," says Professor Hadfield, "so

persistent as this hunger for fulfillment, whether for the needs of our body or for the deepest spiritual satisfaction of our souls. . . . As nature abhors a vacuum, so every organism abhors incompleteness." In his mental and spiritual life man seeks completion. He struggles to develop his mind. He strives to improve himself. There is in each of us an inarticulate yearning for undiscovered worlds. We hunger for the limitless horizons, the distant fields of splendor. This spiritual restlessness is man's most precious legacy.

In a God-less world man's hunger for completion is doomed to disappointment. There is no room for it there. In a universe wherein there is neither reason nor intelligence, this hope of man is a tragic futility. And the hope thus denied, like all frustrated desires of man, will turn upon him and devastate him.

But give man the faith that he dwells in a universe where God is, where personality reigns, in which all things are linked together by one divine purpose, and that he, frail and finite though he be, is yet coöperating in the glorious unfoldment of that purpose, and behold what a current of hope and confidence is sent into his life. With such

a faith no man can be utterly lonely or lost. The consciousness of God will be like the presence of a mighty kinsman, a friend, by his side.

There is yet another way in which the experience of faith contributes to the development of human personality. The human soul is frequently a battlefield. The traditional moralist calls it the struggle between the higher and the lower self. The modern psychologist calls it the conflict between will and impulse, between the social self and the suppressed instincts—the anti-social self. Man's hope lies in the victory of the social self, and his well-being depends upon the emancipation of his inhibited self through moral sublimation. Man can win this victory only through the exercise of his will continuously, and especially in the great crises of life. Great ideals are the dynamics of the human will. They alone can sublimate his lower self, and they find their sustenance and replenishment only in faith.

In an impersonal and mechanical world there can be no meaning to human ideals. Why have ideals at all? Or, having been beguiled into them, whence will come the courage to endure for their sake the adversities attendant upon their realization, and

whence the assurance that someone will take up the torch when our tired hands are forced to let it fall?

Religion offers man a philosophy of life which is congenial to human idealism. "Strive for the right unto death, and the Lord God shall fight for thee."

Once religion becomes reconciled to its own bounded domain—and its domain is co-extensive with the far-flung empire of man's spiritual life—it will no longer need to hover about in dread apprehension outside the door of every scientific laboratory. In olden days the frightened clerics dared not look into Galileo's wretched little telescope for fear of actually seeing the satellites of Jupiter and of having their entire theologic world come toppling over their ears. But three centuries of astro-physics have demonstrated that religion has as little to fear from the far-flung worlds which the telescope discovers as from the minuscular worlds which the microscope discovers. The universe has become not less but more awesome and more bewildering to us who no longer scan it with our naked eyes only. Forced to measure stellar distances in light-years, confronted with a universe in which stars are five hundred million

million miles removed from the earth, in which heavenly bodies travel at incredible speed and in which the ages of planets are reckoned in billions of years, the modern man has greater warrant than the ancient Psalmist to proclaim: "When I behold Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou has created, what is man that Thou art mindful of him and the son of man that Thou rememberest him?"

The fearful world of the smallest particle of an element—the atom—which science has uncovered, each a miniature solar system in itself, wherein whole galaxies of electrons revolve on orbits at inconceivable speed around central nuclei, is not less likely to call forth from the soul of man the eternal query: "Behold, who hath created these things?"

However interesting the story of the creation of man and the racial genealogies of the Book of Genesis may be, the sciences of biology and history have revealed a myriad-fold more dramatic and intriguing story of man's evolution and the ethnic anabasis of peoples.

Science has banished God neither from the microcosmic compass of the atom, nor from the vast,

unfathomable ranges of interstellar space, nor yet from the trackless worlds of living things.

There is not a single scientific fact which has undermined a single religious truth. Science has *not* demonstrated that all life is at bottom physical. Science has *not* explained life and consciousness and mind and will in terms of subtile matter in motion. Science has *not* proved that man is mere clay worked upon by external forces, an automaton reacting to external stimuli. Science has *not* proved that nothing of a qualitative nature distinguishes man from other living animals. Quite the contrary. It is becoming increasingly evident to the scientific seeker after truth that the hypothesis of a creative intelligence is the only hypothesis which can account for the facts of existence. It is becoming increasingly clear that man is something more than a bio-chemical compound. He can originate orders. He can create environments. He can direct actions. He can invent and project objectives and concentrate upon their attainment. He is capable of self-appraisal and moral and intellectual freedom. He is a factor in his own evolution. To deny this is to deny civilization. The external physical forces of the world today are the self-same forces which

surrounded man fifty thousand years ago. But fifty thousand years ago man was a brute in the jungle. Today he is Shakespeare and Newton and Darwin and Beethoven and Einstein.

Religion need not fear the menace of scientific theomachy. It may eagerly welcome all scientific truth, for each truth is the auxiliary of every other truth and all truths increase the mystery, the wonderment and the majesty of creation. At the heart of the atom, matter and energy become indistinguishable, merged into the one astounding miracle of creation and at the heart of knowledge, science and religion become one in the everlasting mystery of mind.

The doctrinaire scientist today is inclined to be a bit purse-proud and to exhibit some of the uncommendable qualities of the *nouveau riche*. So much of the wealth of discovery and invention has come to science in recent years while religion has remained only a poor relation. Startlingly new discoveries in religion as in art are extremely rare, and progress in these fields can have but a very limited connotation. Peaks of perfection were reached long ago in the realms of art, religion and philosophy and beyond the peaks one cannot climb. We can-

not, by taking time and thought, improve upon the perfected works of Phidias or Homer or Euripides. That would be painting the lily. We may have newer types of artistic excellence but not necessarily better types.

We can invent a machine today that will run thirty miles an hour and tomorrow one that will run sixty, and the next day one that will fly in the air instead of running on the ground. Such rhopalic, linear progression in technological skill and efficiency is possible in the material world but not in the artistic or spiritual world. Man began, as it were, but yesterday to investigate critically his physical world. Daily he is stumbling upon some new fact, some new law which hitherto was unknown to him. The modern scientist is like a child who suddenly finds himself in a new and marvelous toy-shop. His eyes are wide open, his heart beats fast and his fingers itch to touch and try each single toy in the shop. But art and religion are very ancient enterprises of the human spirit. They have their cycles of growth and decay as well as their definite organic limits. They arise in the inner world of man, and man has known his inner world intimately for a very long time. Men have lived in societies for many thou-

sands of years and long ago they were forced to face many of the social problems of organization and adjustment which we face today. A vast amount of social experience has already been accumulated. The best minds among the ancients wrestled with the problems of man's spiritual life as courageously as the best minds among the moderns. They faced as frankly as we do today the challenge of human destiny—of fate, of pain, of evil and of mortality. We have neither improved upon the manner in which they stated the problems of human existence nor upon the solutions which they offered. Little that is really new can be added to the basic inventory of religion and morality. Little can be added to the racial wisdom which crystallized itself through the ages in "Love thy neighbor as thyself" or "Justice, justice shalt thou pursue" or "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment" or "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation."

We may discover a better technique for the realization of these maximum ideals, but we have nothing and can have nothing to add to their quintessential truth. Progress in this field consists not in discovery but in fulfillment. There can be no new Ten Commandments for no new Ten Command-

ments are necessary. They remain forever the digits of civilization.

The man of faith will not be discomfited either by the venerable character of his own truths or by the spick and span modernity and amazing prolixity of scientific achievements. When the great intoxication with scientific achievement will have passed, and man will discover how much of an aching void there still remains in his life, and how little mechanism and invention have contributed to his spiritual contentment and harmony of life, he will return humbly and contritely unto "the well which the princes digged, which the nobles of the people delved, with the sceptre and with their staves," his soul thirsting for God, for the living God.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

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IT MIGHT perhaps be well at the outset to restate a truism oft overlooked—that church and religion are not synonymous, and that religion and morality, or more specifically—religion and social justice are not synonymous. They are organically related but not identical. The church is the symbol and vehicle of religious idealism. Religion is the dynamics of social justice. But religion has other functions to perform in human life.

Morality is concerned with the relations of man to his fellowmen. Religion is concerned with the relations of man to the universe and to ultimate reality. Morality is chiefly a matter of conduct and motives. Religion is a matter of basic convictions touching the elemental facts and purposes of existence. The aim of morality is to establish the most perfect order of society. The aim of religion is to answer certain questions which men have asked themselves since the dawn of their reflective life, and which they will continue to ask even under

the most perfect order of society, questions of why and whence and whither, desperate questions probing into the very heart of the cosmos.

The answers which religion gives to these questions lead to definite mental attitudes on the part of those who accept them, and these in turn, manifest themselves in social conduct. Religion affirms that the universe is essentially not a machine but a personality, and that the primary facts in nature are life, thought and purpose. Human life is eternally significant because it, too, is creative personality, part of that self-same life, thought and purpose. The man who is persuaded by these heroic postulates of religion, ascertainable by faith but not demonstrable by factual knowledge, will find himself adopting those characteristic attitudes which we call religious, and which in turn lead to a high norm of moral discipline. Religion is related to morals as sun and soil and roots are related to the fruits of a tree.

Thus the religious man will be reverent. In the mystic presence of circumambient divinity, in a world suffused with the majesty of unfolding life and purpose, he stands rapt in adoration. His spirit is humbled before the mystery of its own being and

the greater mystery of all being. This mood of reverence is rich soil for moral idealism. Herein the boundaries of religion and morality meet.

Again, the religious man will be more than moral. He will be a moral pathfinder. His morality will be touched with the ecstasy of the quest for absolute perfection. He will not be content with the mere formal observance of the accepted moral code. He will seek to cleanse every fold and crease of his spiritual being. He will set ever higher goals for his life's motivations. He will strive after holiness which is transfigured morality. Here again the boundaries of religion and morality meet.

The religious man will be driven by the dynamics of his faith to a morality of battle and struggle. The axioms of faith lead to tremendous ethical mandates. Every human life must be regarded as a reflex of divinity. Every act of wrong and injustice therefore, mars and defaces the image of God in man. Oppression and exploitation are more than violations of social laws. They are sacrilege and blasphemy. They thwart life—God's life in man. They distort and mutilate that which is the end and goal of all being—the free unfoldment of personality. The religious man will not rest content

with personal salvation. He will strive to bring about a social order which will insure to all men freedom for self-realization. He will weigh all social institutions in the balance of spiritual utility. If found wanting, he will set about to reconstruct them, or, if need be, to destroy them. His morality will be militant, and, when necessary, revolutionary.

Hence it is that the profoundly religious men of all times were the mightiest spokesmen of social justice and its uncompromising champions. It was from the lips of men touched with the burning coal of divine faith, from the lips of the prophet, the seer, the man of God, that the first great cry for justice leaped out upon the world. They who sought God most zealously spoke of human rights most fearlessly. It was in the name of God, the stern and righteous Judge, that those spiritual men of valor wielded the scorpion whip of their fury upon those who ground the faces of the poor and turned aside the way of the humble. It was in the name of God, the compassionate and the merciful Friend, that they pleaded the cause of the orphan and the widow, the beaten and the broken of life. It was in the name of God, the Father of all men,

that they espoused the cause of a human brotherhood which, over-leaping the dread boundaries of ancient enmities erected by fear and greed, leads men to turn their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

Herein lies the first great service which religion, through its historic agency the church, has rendered and can continue to render the cause of social justice. It can function as the motive power of enthusiasm for all programs of social amelioration. It can be the dynamo of spiritual energy for every great human enterprise. Speaking betimes and oft of a God Whose ways are justice and truth, Whose worship is goodness, and upon Whose high altars only the sacrifice of righteousness is acceptable, religion and the church can so sensitize the minds of men to moral values, that when a situation confronts them, involving a clear moral issue, whether in their private life, or in their social, political or industrial life, they will be moved to choose the good and eschew the evil.

We speak here, of course, only of those religions which are not exclusively absorbed in subtle theologic intricacies as interesting as the Ptolemaic system and quite as obsolete, nor of those religions

which spend their energies in answering questions which men no longer ask. We have in mind only those religions which aim to serve man in the most vital needs of his life and which aspire to build Jerusalem "here among these dark Satanic mills."

Again, there are religions which stress the total and irremediable depravity of all mundane existence and which admonish men to seek personal salvation in escape from social life and in preparation for an hereafter wherein all wrongs will be automatically righted, and all frustrated ideals gloriously realized. The religion of the European peoples has had a considerable element of this other-worldliness in it. The apocalyptic and millenarian elements of primitive Christianity and the monastic ideal which appealed so powerfully to the confused and harassed spirits of men during the tragic era of the crumbling Roman Empire and the barbarian invasions bequeathed this ascetic legacy to European religious thought. But it is fast discarding it. The Western mind loves life and its high adventure and it hungers after the life more abundant. It refuses to believe that the world is irrevocably lost. Rather it entertains an active faith

in the life ascendant, rising through defeat and failure to ultimate harmony and well-being.

The religion of the Western world is therefore fast shifting its center of gravity from the heavens, which belong to God, to the earth, which God gave to the children of man. In this earthly realm of tangled lives and purposes, still so sadly disfigured by poverty and hate and ignorance and wrong, in the midst of this communion of saints and sinners which we call humanity, religion, deriving vast power from its mighty convictions, and capable of creating moods and attitudes among men which are most congenial for moral idealism, can serve the cause of struggling mankind in a most decisive manner.

The first great service which the church, the effective arm of religion, can render the cause of social justice, is to galvanize by education and inspiration the will of men so that they will seek justice and pursue it. It can enkindle a crusading zeal for the Kingdom of God, which will be a kingdom of this world, fashioned out of the lowly clay of this life but after the pattern and grace of highest perfection.

The church, however, must not remain content

to speak of social justice in the abstract. The church is not an academy for speculative sciences. It is a dynamic agency equipped for social reconstruction. It must enter the arena of life and do battle for its sanctities.

The church cannot, of course, align itself with a propaganda for one specific economic system as against another. It must not involve itself in economic dogmatism. To do so would be to suffer a severe loss in spiritual prestige and authority. The church would be compelled either to champion an existing order, in spite of its sundry and inevitable flaws, or an imaginary order, which might fail even to approximate the virtues claimed for it. The church is not concerned with systems but with the safeguarding of principles which each age must be challenged to work into such a system as will best meet its economic needs. Whether it be capitalism, socialism or communism, there are basic principles of human rights and essential human ideals at stake in each, and the church must under all conditions remain free to defend these ideals for which no system is adequate guarantee. Neither the rule of king, demos or proletariat is sufficient insurance against abuse

of power, exploitation of men and the defeat of the spiritual promise of human life.

Nor should the church be called upon to play the rôle of arbiter in the numerous minor economic disputes which daily arise in our society, concerning which only the expert economist can today speak with any degree of wisdom or authority. Numerous labor controversies, for example, occur today which do not at all involve such clear-cut moral issues which would warrant the church in throwing the weight of its influence on one side or the other. The church ought not to fritter itself away by introducing itself into every minor economic wrangle which may possess little or no social significance.

There are, however, economic problems in modern society of vast social import, reaching to the very heart of our civilization and affecting the whole structure of society, concerning which the church must speak, and in no uncertain terms. Conditions of palpable and vast wrong persist throughout the world, which thwart the rich promise of human life, consign millions to degradation and defeat, and fill the habitations of men with anguish and sorrow. Greed and lust and op-

pression devastate life. Untold millions are starved by poverty and physically and spiritually drained by exploitation. Millions of children are broken upon the wheels of industry. The burdens of our economic order lie heavily upon the shoulders of our womanhood. The dread of unemployment, old age and disability hang like a pall over the working classes. Nowhere in the world today do those conditions of justice and opportunity fully obtain which would make possible the free, untrammeled unfoldment of personality, the harmonious development of all of God's children according to the measure of their capacities.

In the face of these conditions the church cannot, dare not, remain silent. It must cry aloud. It must lift up its voice like a trumpet to declare unto the people their transgressions. Else its vision is a lying vision and its ritual an abomination. It is true that the church has always cared for the victim of social injustice. It fed the poor, clothed the naked, sheltered the homeless, healed the sick, sustained and comforted the denied and the dispossessed of the earth. Nearly all the agencies of mercy and relief in the world are the creations and wards of the churches. The church was indeed

a compassionate mother. But it must do more. It must not wait until the flotsam and jetsam of social wreckage come drifting to its doors. It must anticipate disaster. It must labor for a social reconstruction which will afford all men a better chance of security and happiness. The church must summon its adherents to a close scrutiny of social ills. It must stimulate research and inquiry into their possible remedies. It must place the social responsibility for ameliorating these conditions squarely upon the shoulders of its devotees. It must demand the application of their best intelligence and highest motives to this task. It must arouse and disturb them with the desperate challenge: "Ye are your brothers' keepers," and drive them on to ever new experimentations in perfecting this stewardship. It must voice the maximum idealism of life, calling for a condition of society in which man will at all times be primary, and the satisfaction of his legitimate needs superior to profit or the accumulation of wealth, in which rewards will be commensurate with service, and in which none shall partake of social goods who does not contribute to the social weal. It must organize the religious consciousness

of the world and the mighty hosts of the faithful for strategic action at decisive moments.

If the church cannot propel men to seek ways of lessening the bitter inequalities of economic life and of securing for all men who toil adequate satisfaction of their legitimate needs it stands convicted of incompetence and spiritual bankruptcy. The sons of Mary will smile upon its inanity and the sons of Martha, upon whom the Lord has laid the crushing burdens of life, will turn upon it in the dread hour "when whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world," and will destroy it. When the Dumb Terror of Russia, after the silence of the centuries, found voice to make its reply, it spoke as the Red Terror and hurled itself in devastating fury upon the church which had consistently betrayed it by joining hands with its oppressors.

The church must, above all else, be the refuge and sanctuary of absolute integrity. It must be the home of uncompromising loyalty to social ideals. The church must be feared and revered for its dauntless proclamation of truth. It must rise above the prevalent economic system. It must not attempt, in doctrinaire fashion, to substitute another system for it. Neither should it commit itself

to the rôle of defender and apologist of the existing system. The church has often been intrigued into casting the mantle of its sanctity over the corruptions of an unjust society.

Religion has not always been faithful to its informing purpose. When the first great impulse which creates a religion embodies itself into an institution, it loses much of its daring and courage. All religions at the first moment of their revelation, when they leap hot and frenzied from the soul of some God-intoxicated seer, are purging fires, consuming flames. They speak in thunder and sweep life with a "besom of destruction." They possess the volcanics of prophecy. They are "set over nations and over kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, to destroy and to overthrow, to build anew and to plant." . . . The world stands aghast and frightened. It turns upon the prophets of the new revelation and crucifies them, only to kneel a moment later and worship them.

But soon the hot coals of religious passion cool off. The heroic mood vanishes. Loyalties lose their sacrificial quality. The voice crying in the wilderness becomes an echo, faint and timid. Enthusiasm is quenched in habit. Religion becomes insti-

tutionalized. Hierarchy and vested interests appear. The church becomes an end in itself. When its interests are at stake it will compromise and yield and betray men in their direst needs.

This danger, of course, is inherent in all organization. Whatever moral pioneering has been done in the world has been largely the work, not of groups, but of individual spiritual adventurers, rebels and non-conformists. Revelations never come to groups. There were schools of prophets in ancient Israel, but they were merely the monitors of ancient superstitions. It was only after the individual separated himself from the school and the group and pursued his own solitary quest of truth, that prophecy discovered its authentic voice and mood.

The church, therefore, freighted down with organization, must constantly war against itself to save its soul. The church must protect itself against the downward drag of institutionalism and the paralysis of will which result from over-organization and prosperity. The church triumphant often spells the faith defeated. How often has the church been a flunkey to the rich! How often has its revolutionary passion for justice and social righteousness been leashed by worldliness and syc-

ophancy! The church set out to admonish men to put away the evil of their doings, to "cease to do evil, learn to do well, seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow" but it ended by truckling to the powerful and the rich and by sharing in the spoils of the marauders and exploiters of society.

In the Temple at Jerusalem there was a flute fashioned out of reeds, an old flute, having come down from the days of Moses. The sound of the flute was sweet and beautiful, ravishing the souls of the worshippers. But one day the priests at the sanctuary decided to decorate the flute, and they covered it with gold. The flute was never the same again. Its sweet, clear, cool tones were now harsh, metallic and jarring. Gold had coarsened its melody. . . .

Can the church survive prosperity? It is not so difficult after all to be a voice crying in the wilderness. It is far more difficult to be a voice—clear and courageous—crying for justice amid the pomp and splendor and costliness of a Temple or a Cathedral, which is built and supported by those who must often become the very target of the voice's invective.

But the church must do just that. It must deliberately choose the "via dolorosa"—the hard road of conflict and persecution. Else it will become a tragic futility in modern life. Thoughtful men will turn away from it and will seek their light and leading elsewhere, and the youth of the world will come to regard it as a mere survival, an anachronism, interesting but irrelevant.

The church is a fellowship of the servants of God. The mission of God's servant was long ago defined by a prophet: "He shall make the right to go forth according to the truth. He shall not fail or be crushed, until he have set the right in the earth."

THE WIDENING HORIZONS OF SOCIAL SERVICE

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ORGANIZED charity has passed through two stages of development and has now entered upon a third.

First came charity as relief—palliative and remedial. This is as old as human want and as constant as human compassion and it will continue as long as there will be physical want in the world and as long as the sense of pity abides among men. "The poor shall never cease out of the land," is a Biblical dictum, and for all intents and purposes it is valid, if not for all times, then surely for an appreciably long time to come. The number of the poor may decrease, and the degree of their poverty may be lessened as society reforms itself after a higher pattern of economic justice, but there will always be the weak who fall by the wayside, and the unfortunate who are ruthlessly thrust aside.

It is true, of course, that the social need for organized charity is a confession not only of in-

dividual incompetence or misfortune but of social maladjustment and large-scale economic injustice. It is equally true that the evils of our economic system are not remedied by organized charity. Organized charity is an agency of mercy which cares for the victims of the pitiless economic struggle. It is helpless, however, to stop that struggle. Charity does not make for economic justice. Frequently the men who are least just in their industrial relationships are most generous in their support of charities. Their charity is an opiate for social discontent and is dictated by shrewd self-interest.

Some men give to charity in order to salve an itching conscience. Others because they are too old to enjoy fortunes too great for enjoyment. Their consciences wax vigorous when their stomachs grow weak. This form of charity, induced by senility, is at best only a rheumatic virtue. Again there are those who give only when their hands are relaxed in death. They surrender what they can no longer hold. Much of human meanness is cloaked under the pious garb of charity. There is little hope that such charity will ever hasten the kingdom of social righteousness.

The enlightened social worker is not beguiled by

such charity and does not lose sight of the real factors which are involved in the social disease of poverty and of the need for drastic economic medication. He is not misled by the size or efficiency of his service. But neither does he feel himself free to desist from that service because of its provisional and indecisive character, as long as men are in imminent need of help. We must care for the victims of war even while working for its abolition. The social worker must care for those who are weighted down by the burdens of economic oppression even while striving to bring about a condition of social life wherein such burdens will be permanently lifted from the shoulders of men.

The first stage through which organized charity has passed was nothing more than collective almsgiving. In this primitive form of charity, the last few decades have introduced a purposefulness and an intelligence which have made it more helpful than heretofore. The sporadic giving of doles became in the hands of trained and capable administrators an organized system of service, investigation and supervision, wherein the recipient of aid was not pauperized and the community was not victimized. Charity became more scientific. This

does not mean that it lost spontaneity, or that it turned cold, tardy and impersonal. Rather, it became more expert. Every institution in modern society, educational, religious or political, if it is to function adequately, must avail itself of all the aids of modern scientific management and administration.

Material relief must, in the very nature of things, continue to hold a very important place in the program of organized philanthropy. The disbursement of material relief will always make the strongest emotional appeal to the generosity of the people who support organized charities. It will also prove the most prolific source of criticism and misunderstanding. It is, therefore, important that the measure of material relief shall at all times be adequate, whatever else in the social program suffers thereby.

The second stage in the evolution of organized charity was prevention. In a sense, it was but a phase of the former. It was dictated by logic, humanitarian considerations and economics. It was realized that social agencies must not wait until the beaten and broken come knocking at their doors. They must arrest the downward-dragging ten-

dencies in a man's environment before they gain headway. They must anticipate disaster. It was found to be more charitable and less costly to safeguard the health of those who live on the verge of penury, than to care for their sick; to provide wholesome recreation for youth than to bear the social burden of delinquency and crime; to teach home-making, dietetics, hygiene and proper budgeting than to correct the evils which result from an ignorance of these elementary things. In every direction the scope of organized charity widened. It ceased to be a mere skillful distributing agency. It became coöperative, assisting men and women in the bitter struggle against the strong tides which were carrying them down into the whirlpool of poverty and suffering.

The third stage upon which organized charity is now entering one might call the stage of adjustment. Out of the thousands of families which the organized charities in any large metropolis care for, an exceedingly large number neither require nor ask for material relief. And yet they come to the charities, or are referred to them. What emergency sends these people who are not in need of food, raiment or lodging to these organizations?

Simply a threatened or accomplished breakdown in the family, brought about not by the want of physical things but by the want of what one must call spiritual things, by the absence of intelligent management in the home, by an inability to solve some perplexing domestic problem, by cross purposes and conflicting ambitions, by moral sluggishness, ignorance and incompetency, in short, by one of a thousand apparent or subtle psychological tangles which we may subsume under the general head of maladjustment.

Most all human unhappiness is due to maladjustment and every life has its share of it. Even the normal and well-balanced among us have their thwarted purposes and snarled affections, their spiritual malconformation and asymmetry. The human race as a whole is suffering from such maladjustment. Biologically unchanged in a hundred thousand years, it has undergone culturally the most revolutionary changes in the last few generations, ever since the factory and congested city life supplanted rural life, and the family ceased to be a self-sufficient economic unit. Life has become frightfully involved and the tempo of existence has been astoundingly accelerated. Standards

of conduct have been radically changed and human relationships have been vastly altered. Man's mental and spiritual readjustments have not kept pace with the swift changes in his outer world. The tragedies of maladjustments are in evidence all around us. Mental diseases and nervous disorders have increased and are increasing at an appalling rate in modern society. In New York and Massachusetts there is one patient suffering from some form of mental disease in an institution for every two hundred and seventy-five of the general population. These are only the extreme hospital cases. They do not include those of lesser degree, who are not in institutions, but who are suffering from some neurosis or psychosis.

All the disorganization and confusion resulting from the changes which have taken place in our civilization are in strongest evidence in the family. Of all human institutions it has been affected most. Under the earlier agricultural conditions, the family was a compact, stable institution, sufficient unto itself economically, offering recreational, and to a degree also, educational opportunities to its members. It was possessed of fixed standards and coordinating traditions. The industrial revolution

destroyed the economic compactness of the family, forced men, and in many instances, women and even children, out of the home into the factory. It brought economic uncertainty and the terror of unemployment into their lives, and condemned thousands to congested quarters in vast impersonal cities which offer little room for wholesome recreation. Old standards collapsed. Old traditions vanished. Crime, divorce and delinquency began to increase and have continued to increase menacingly to this date.

Add to this universal strain which modern civilization in an industrial city places upon all families, the further strain which the immigrant's family is called upon to bear—and thousands of those who appeal for this service of adjustment are immigrants, whose Old World standards have been disrupted by those of the New World—and one can readily see why so many thousands of families turn desperately each year to some agency for guidance and help.

Into such a family, thus menaced not by physical but by spiritual poverty, the social worker enters as a spiritual diagnostician. He is equipped with social and psychological knowledge. He can draw

upon the accumulated experience of his organization. He analyzes the situation critically, one might say clinically, to discover the center of irritation, the underlying cause of the disturbance and unhappiness. He plans his course of action. He wins the confidence of his people. He shows them the way out. At times the task is remakably simple. The family only needed the advice of a trusted counsellor. At other times, the task is more difficult, requiring months of application and a world of patience. He will reason, or plead, or chide, as the case may require. He will appeal to his client's pride or hope or ambition. He will call to his aid the doctor, the psychiatrist, the minister, the court, the neighbor, the friend—any and all who may help to restore the family to normal life. And at long last the home will be reintegrated through this quiet, patient, understanding ministry of the social worker. In this manner many a family has been reunited, many a wound healed and many a dream rekindled.

Is this a legitimate function of organized charity? Decidedly. It is the highest function and ethically the most satisfying. It demands the highest skill. A social worker engaged in such a service must

be much more than a careful investigator of the economic status of the family. He must be a student of human nature, a trained observer of psychological phenomena. Added to his knowledge, he must also possess a spirit of sympathy and consecration. Else he will fail utterly. This new type of social service gives the social worker a new status and dignity. From being a more or less passive agent for investigation and disbursement of material relief, he becomes an active adviser, guide, critic and teacher, and his service becomes an authentic profession—the profession of priesthood in modern society.

If religion is prophecy, then social service, its executive arm, is priesthood. Social service seeks to give the resplendent ideals of prophetic religion "a local habitation and a name." The prophet spoke in behalf of the poor, the denied and the dispossessed of the earth. The social worker is not the spokesman of these unfortunates but their guide and friend.

The new phase of social service is ethically the most satisfying, for it applies itself to the basic factor in ethics—the human personality, and to the basic unit in society—the family.

In this phase social service reaches its profoundest purpose. The noblest charity is not that which seeks with things to satisfy wants, but that which places at the disposal of groping and helpless fellow human beings the strength which may be ours, and the experience and the wisdom—one soul reaching out to another—one mind enkindling another.

Such a ministry rewards with marvelous inspiration. The field of the social worker is physically unattractive. The social worker moves in a world of deprivation and misery, sometimes of sin and tragedy. The harshness of life is there, the stunted growths, the tangled lives, the unsightly things. Few of the amenities and graces of life are there. In such a world it is hard to spend all one's working hours without growing disheartened, or what is worse, calloused. The mechanical distribution of alms adds to, rather than detracts from, the feeling of despair or of indifference. But when the social worker enters this world as the emissary of a great purpose, to redeem and make whole, equipped with faith in the perfectibility of human beings, and with the knowledge to enable him to effect some vital transformation, his work assumes a dignity

and a scope which bring a glow to his heart and beauty to his days.

The great dogma of social service is that life can be made more harmonious and beautiful even within our present imperfect social system, that human beings can be helped to higher levels, even though they be weighted down with wickedness or incompetence, and that there is no human being who is not worthy of help. Through his unheralded and, to many, unheroic service of relief, prevention and adjustment, the social worker believes that he can guide men to a finer and happier way of life.

THE CHURCH AND WORLD PEACE

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THE task of establishing international peace and the machinery for the perpetuation of peace is an especial challenge to organized religion. Not only because peace is essentially a supreme ethical problem, decidedly within the social program of church or synagogue, but also because every great religion avers that it has come into the world to effect peace among men.

Heretofore peace has been an ideal abstraction, and the church has been content to speak of it as an ultimate desideratum, a condition highly to be desired but so far removed as to be beyond the pale of practical and immediate concern. But necessity and the events of the last two or three generations have thrust this abstraction into the realm of practical politics and have turned it into the most pressing and perplexing problem of the day.

The church today is confronted with a choice. It can assume one of two rôles—the one of leadership or the one of pious irrelevancy. The church

must decide whether it means to vindicate its historic claim to be the peacemaker of mankind and aggressively to lead the world along the hard road to international peace, or whether it will remain as heretofore, more cautious than courageous, more shrewd than wise and, refusing to enter the arena of struggle, content itself with a pious repetition of its age-old exhortations to peace and good will. Upon the decision of the church will depend, in a large measure, the future attitude of thinking men and women towards it.

In the past the church alienated the loyalty of millions of men because of its refusal to participate actively in the economic reorganization of society made necessary by the new conditions of life. It nearly always aligned itself with the privileged classes and defended the *status quo*. The church may again forfeit the loyalty of millions if it remains silent now on this inescapable moral issue. For thinking men and women must ultimately turn from an institution whose inspiration is solely of the past and whose will is atrophied, an institution to which men cannot look for guidance and leadership in the great emergencies of their social life.

The church will assume leadership in the cause of

international peace only when it will transcend the state. In the Middle Ages the church competed with the state. It coveted supreme political jurisdiction. It failed to make good its claim. It was well that it did fail, for temporal power inevitably undermines spiritual power and destroys it.

With the Reformation the ascendancy of the state began. In the struggle between church and state the state emerged triumphant. Stress was now put upon the autonomy of the state and its supreme authority in all matters. This resulted in two moral set-backs. First, the state presumed to be morally self-sufficient. It claimed to be a law unto itself. Public morality was not necessarily coterminous with private morality. The state alone became the source and criterion of national ethics. Secondly, the church, having lost the rôle of competitor, assumed the rôle of ally. It became a state agency. This condition has continued to our own day.

In many countries the church is either an outright state-institution or it receives subventions from the state. Even in democracies where the church no longer receives financial support from the state, it has nevertheless so completely yielded itself up to the political philosophy of the state

that it is content to underwrite all of its policies and programs. If the state declares war the church will sanction or condone it. If the state engages in imperialistic expansion and exploitation, the church will either endorse it or, in pusillanimous worldliness, remain silent.

In thus becoming a tool of the state, the church lost, to a great extent, its spiritual authority in the world.

As long as the church does not rise above the state—not in the sense of endeavoring to master it or to control its political fortunes, but in the sense of freeing itself from an alignment which carries with it the endorsement of its political purposes and programs—so long will peace, the traditional and avowed ideal of the church, remain an abstraction. During the last war every church became a state church. The Christian church in Germany was German first and only secondarily, and by a wide stretch of the imagination, Christian. And so were the churches of the whole of Christendom and all the synagogues of Jewry. The churches proved to be local shrines where tribal deities were worshipped. In the maelstrom of aroused nationalistic passions the church went down to defeat as

ignominiously as the Second International. Neither the spiritual internationalism of the faithful, nor the economic internationalism of the proletariat, proved strong enough to resist the patriotic madness of the World War.

Nothing so completely revealed the pathetic irrelevancy of the church in present-day world affairs as the last war. Nothing so sharply illustrated the eclipse of the spiritual power of organized religion as a consultative factor in the deliberations of civilized peoples as the last war. In the midst of a world gone mad with chauvinistic passions and economic rivalries which were driving it inevitably to war, our churches and synagogues stood absolutely helpless. The voice of the church was seldom, if ever, raised during the years of frightful moral disaster which preceded the war, and when war came the national churches functioned as the lackeys of the state. They were used. They were the ever-ready channels for governmental propaganda. They sprinkled holy water upon the cannons and the battle-flags. The pentecostal wail of a perishing world pleading desperately for peace found the church a recruiting officer and its priests camp followers.

Religion must be international in the finest sense of the word. It is not opposed to nationalism. It overleaps it. It does not concern itself with it. Nationalism is not mankind's ultimate vision. Nationalism is not enough. It may be a minimum requirement. It is not the maximum program. Self-centered nationalism was thoroughly exposed and discredited in the last war. Nationalism is a means, not an end. "What is great in a man" said Nietzsche, "is that he is a bridge and not a goal." This is true also of nations and national cultures. Once their national existence is secured, peoples must push on to the frontiers of the new world—the world of internationalism—to the world-mind and the world-outlook. The concern of religion is not with nationalism and the temporary political and cultural units among men, but with man himself and with mankind. It goes beyond race and creed and boundaries. Its domain is the world of common human needs. Its empire is of the universal spirit.

When religion speaks of truth, justice, peace and love it voices its own essential genius and men may be moved to hearken unto it. But when it loses its own prophetic voice and becomes the echo of the

state, it turns into a deception and a most dangerous beguilement.

The church must be the guide, the critic and the censor of the state,—never its tool. It will then be able to render two distinct services to the cause of peace.

It will be in a position to create a real temperament for peace, a "peaceful frame of mind," a will to peace. Peace is not altogether a question of economics. Nations do not make war or establish peace solely for economic reasons. Men do not live by bread alone nor do they wage war for bread alone. Many other factors, psychological and historical, enter into every situation. If religion will free itself from the shackles which in the past have tied it to the organism of the state, and, recovering its own historic peace mission, will proceed to speak fearlessly and insistently, it can enkindle the imagination of mankind with the ideal of peace. It can fire the souls of men. It once set armies in motion crusading to the Holy Land, by sowing a mystic fervor among men for that land. If religion will become imperial again, uttering its own revelations, it can imbue men and women with a glowing, ardent love for peace. It can touch the minds of

youth with the heroic ideal of peace. For who is most interested in peace, or rather, who should be most interested in peace if not the youth of the world! Who suffered most from the last war—from all wars? The youth of the world. Who were torn from their schools and their careers and thrown into dirty, filthy trenches, to be hacked and maimed and butchered? The youth of the world. Who were left rotting upon the fields of France and Flanders and the far-flung battle front of the nations? The youth of the world. Who came back crippled and gassed and blinded? The youth of the world. Who need peace most, though they grasp this truth least? Not the old men who stay at home and make money and coin the sorrows of the world into profits, but the young men, who are entitled to life's full measure of happiness but who are forced to pour out "the red, sweet wine of youth," and to give up "the years to be of work and joy, and that unhoped serene, that men call age."

Let religion through education make youth aware of this. Education is, in the last analysis, mankind's surest irenicon.

While the public schools continue perforce to inculcate local patriotic sentiments, the religious

schools should, quite as deliberately, educate the youth of the world, both intellectually and emotionally, into a vivid realization of the waste and crime of war and of the means for averting it through international solidarity and world concord. Aggressively and persuasively religion must create a new peace dogma among men and a new international sacrament.

This is the first service which the church will be in position to render. The other service is the focusing of the attention of men upon the *machinery* for effecting peace. It is not enough to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace. The church must rally men around those agencies, however provisional and rudimentary they may be, which promise to bring peace, if only one step nearer.

No people will disarm unless and until it feels itself secure. Back of all international competitive armament is fear. Until the nations of the world are assured of a competent international agency which will protect them against unjustified aggression, they will not, they cannot, they should not disarm.

The church must be on the alert to discover and, if necessary, to bring into existence such an

agency. If the existing League of Nations is inadequate or if it does not seem to answer all our national requirements, then the church must turn to other agencies or propose new ones. There should be no hesitancy on the part of the church at the present time to endorse the World Court and to invoke the conscience of the American people in its behalf. This accomplished, let the church advance to the next station on the way to the ultimate goal, leading, not following, aggressive, not timid and wistful. The church should strongly champion every international treaty which makes for the limitation and reduction of armament. It should call incessantly for renewed efforts to dismember the war machine. Until peace is permanently secured the church should proclaim from the very house-tops the criminal insanity of competitive armaments, which not only drain the material resources of nations but which inevitably catapult them into war.

This is not an easy program. It is an extremely difficult one. It may, at times, place the church in direct opposition to the state. It will bring down upon it the wrath of powerful interests. The church may come to be shunned, hated and persecuted.

A new ideologic restatement of its traditional position may also be necessary. Christianity may have to orientate itself anew. Christianity began its career preaching pacifism. Pacifism is an ideal not adapted to the Western world. Pacifism is an oriental mood. It is indigenous to that aristocracy of saintliness which only the Orient can produce. A thoroughgoing pacifist is a disconcerting anomaly in the Western world. Gandhi's Ahimsa is native to India. Tolstoi's doctrine of non-resistance was a mystifying, theosophic "sport" in Europe. In its hour of revolution India turned to Gandhi but Russia turned to Lenin. The Western temperament is activistic. "Resist not Evil" is to the Western mind an irritating conundrum. It senses something magnificent about it but it cannot adopt it. It prefers active resistance to active or passive non-resistance.

The pacifism of primitive Christianity was for a world "in extremis," a world about to end in cataclysm. Why resist evil when this "sorry scheme of things entire," would soon be shattered by the hand of God Himself, and the world miraculously transformed into absolute perfection by divine intervention. Evolution however has supplanted

eschatology in our day and the old apocalyptic miscellany no longer fits in with our knowledge of the evolutionary progress of society.

Christianity ought to take cognizance of this fact and make the necessary doctrinal readjustments. It should surrender in theory what it has been compelled to surrender in fact. It should proclaim an activistic program of social regeneration. It will thereby save itself from that spiritual dichotomy, the glaring contrast between profession and practice, which has heretofore stultified its will.

Judaism faces another difficulty. The synagogue, as an organization, has played a very small rôle in bringing about world peace. The Jew everywhere is prayerfully yearning for peace. No people suffers as much from war as does the Jewish people. Every war takes a double toll of misery from the Jew. Judaism has a magnificent tradition of peace. The peace ideal was first proclaimed by its ancient prophets. The vision of universal peace was born in the soul of Israel: "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their knives into pruning-hooks, nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any

more." Yet the Jew is so situated in the world that his position everywhere is insecure. In nearly all lands he must moderate his peace efforts and refrain from aggressive work in behalf of peace lest his sincere endeavors be misinterpreted by his enemies as manifestations of disloyalty and treason. It is so easy to denounce the Jew as an unpatriotic internationalist. In self-defense the Jew has been compelled to be circumspect, lest his zealous advocacy of international peace bring suffering and disabilities upon him.

The Jew, however, must realize that this very espousal of peace in the midst of risk and danger is his cross and crown and immortality. It is only by such intrepidity of spirit that he can vindicate his prophetic mission in the world. If his historic rôle is that of a prophet, then he must accept the tribulations which fall to the lot of the prophet. At the cost of being misunderstood and maligned he must speak freely and unafraid.

Christian and Jew alike must remember that peace will not come as a radiant maiden bearing gifts. Peace will come, if it ever comes at all, as a man of sorrows, spat upon and mocked. Like unto every great ideal of mankind peace must first travel

the thorny road of frustration and sorrow ere it can reach the goal of consummation and triumph.

International good-will is not a legacy of the human race. The first contacts among nations are those of conflict. Neighboring peoples are always actual or potential enemies. Europe and Asia became acquainted with each other through a series of invasions, military migrations and conquests. The last war was the most wide-spread international contact through conflict that the world has ever seen. Out of its horror and suffering came the League of Nations—the most important large-scale attempt at international contact through coöperation that the world has ever seen. International good-will will come with a realization of the utter bankruptcy of competitive nationalism and the economic and spiritual interdependence of peoples. State-subsidized systems of education are not likely to spend much time upon the inculcation of these truths. A free and daring fellowship of the faithful in God might. The redemptive ministry of organized religion in the world today lies in its readiness to give to this difficult and exacting task its unswerving devotion and its sacrificial loyalty.

THE ONE AND THE MANY

THE ONE AND THE MANY

THE problem of the one and the many is one of the most fundamental problems in human thought. It is the ever-recurrent theme in philosophic speculation. Men have assiduously sought the way by which they could ground the manifoldness of the universe into a single unifying concept and harmonize the diversity of phenomena with the unity of a creative purpose.

In sociology the problem is one of insuring the fullest expression of the individual without disrupting society and of coördinating personal freedom with group responsibility.

In the realm of international relationships the problem is one of permitting nations to enjoy full self-determination without disorganizing the collocated life of mankind and of reconciling national autonomy with international coöperation.

Racially the problem is one of finding a common meeting ground for races which are sharply divided by color, rivalries and dark ancestral hatreds. How

may one human brotherhood emerge out of a congeries of disjointed racial groups, emotionally inbred, exclusive and hedged in by dread memories of ancient and unforgetable feuds?

Religion, too, faces the problem of the one and the many. The doctrine of one universal, prescriptive religion has been in continuous conflict with the principle of religious freedom. After centuries of struggle, liberty of conscience and the right of non-conformity have been generally conceded by all the enlightened peoples of the world. Still there remains in the minds of people the apparent incompatibility between loyalty to their own faith and group and tolerance of other forms of religious thought and organization. How can religions be purged of bigotry? How can a motley, grudging and jealous sectarianism ever make possible the world-unifying mission of religion?

In the face of this many-sided and all-important problem of the one and the many what is the task of civilization in our day? Clearly its task is not to superimpose an artificial uniformity upon all races, peoples and creeds. Its aim should not be to force all people into one common mold, so that

they will all emerge looking and acting and thinking alike.

The task of civilization is not to constrict all groups into a Procrustean bed of uniformity, but to discover their common human needs, and to organize them into voluntary coöperative efforts to meet these needs.

Civilization should cherish the inviolability of personality in individuals and groups and should not desecrate it by some enforced and unnatural amalgamation. It should not attempt to destroy the uniqueness which time and ancient loyalties have builded. This would prove a distinct loss to civilization; for it is only out of the conflict of opposing concepts, out of contrasted attitudes and outlooks and out of the clash and turmoil of warring ideas that the spark of the new insight is born and the new revelation is vouchsafed to groping mankind.

Races and religions may meet without fusion. Men may unite without first being consigned to the melting pot. On the plane of common human aspirations all men may meet without sacrificing their characteristic cultures or modes of life.

Thus East and West may meet without conquest

or assimilation and without the imposition of the cultural, political or religious hegemony of the one on the other. The peoples of these two worlds, historically and geographically fashioned so differently, may be led to discover in their common human needs a basis for coöperation and through the free exchange of their best thought, ways of satisfying them.

When, for example, the man from India will realize that his greatest need is the stamping out of some dread disease which afflicts his country, and the man from Sweden or Mexico or Germany will realize that his is the self-same need, and when they proceed to pool their intellectual resources and their experiences in order to wrestle with this one problem, a strong bond of unity will have been forged between them. Each one may continue to retain his historic integrity, his intrinsic self, his speech, his customs and his manners, but on one terrace, at least, of coparcenary interests they will have met and a spiritual covenant will have been established between them.

Or, when the man from Russia will realize that his greatest need is the eradication of illiteracy and the man from South America or Africa will real-

ize that he, too, shares the same need and when these peoples, separated by continents and so differently shaped by destiny, will get together upon this one task in mutual helpfulness, they will have met, truly, in the only true way in which free peoples can meet.

Similarly when Jew and Christian, Mohammedan and Buddhist, and men of all faiths, will realize that their source is one—God, and their destiny one—the service of man, and when they will join in the comradeship of labor to fulfill their common destiny, they will then have met. The walls of their churches may continue to separate them, but the spirit of their faiths will unite them. Their prayer books will continue to be many but their prayer will be one.

Frequently some enlightened and broad-minded men are heard expressing the wish that there should be but one religion. The forms and institutions of religions, they maintain, are, after all, incidental and of secondary importance. These incidental features of religion may well be sacrificed for the sake of one universal religion.

But one religion for the whole of mankind is neither necessary nor desirable. Only the religious

monopolist who is convinced that there is but one true faith and one true church will insist upon one religion for the whole of mankind. All other men who do not find in any religion, however exalted, the final and exclusive revelation of God and man, but who see in all religions the self-same quest for spiritual truth and illumination, will look upon the yearning for universality and uniformity as something quite naïve and primitive.

Religion is not a science. Scientific truth is universal in the sense that a chemical formula or a geometric proposition is the same here and in China, yesterday and for all time. Science is the observation and classification of physical phenomena. It therefore possesses a universal identity, for it is relative not to this man or to this race but to mankind. There is a universal element even in the concept of scientific relativity.

But religion is not a science but an art—the supreme art of man. Religion has to do not with the observation of physical phenomena but with their spiritual interpretation, with judgments, values, appraisals and intuitive inferences. In this process of interpretation individual and race variations inevitably enter and differences of tempera-

ment, culture, history, even of geography become decisive factors distinguishing one religion from another.

Art, too, of course, is universal. All art is the effort of man to interpret life through the medium of line, color or sound, to dramatize the love of the beautiful. But how different and various are the ways by which artists arrive at their interpretation —different not only as regards the media employed but also as regards technique and style. The distinctiveness of a work of art is to be found not so much in the theme as its treatment. Every original artist reads into his work himself, his life, his philosophy, his environment and his racial heritage.

It would therefore be quite naïve and pointless to declare that inasmuch as art is universal, mankind should have but one art, one style of music or architecture, one school of painting or sculpture, one type of literature.

So with religion. There is but one text but each religion has its own commentary. God is one, but men's views of God are not one and cannot be one. "All the prophets prophesied one truth," declared an ancient sage, "but their styles were altogether different."

The Buddhist, whose God-idea was evolved in the warm lands of the earth where physical effort and exertion are irksome, can not conceive of his deity as ceaseless creative energy, eternal Becoming. He thinks of his god as eternal Being, absolute existence at rest. He craves for himself the boon of absorption in that everlasting calm, of losing himself in it as a drop of water loses itself in the ocean. He desires neither struggle nor aspiration for all aspiration is effort and effort is pain as well as vanity, and all existence is irrevocably evil. He prays for release from the sorrowful round of existence and for complete personal non-existence after death.

The Occidental, on the other hand, living in a world where climate and physical conditions stimulate action and enterprise, conceives of his deity as the Dynamic Creator, everlastingly renewing His universe, craves for himself the privilege of being a co-worker in "God's eternal studios" and longs after personal immortality.

What single religion can satisfy the contrasting spiritual needs of these men whose intellectual and emotional backgrounds are so far apart? And what single ritual?

The most potent arguments for religion frequently come from the direct personal experiences of men. "Come and hearken, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for *my* soul." A man's life is reflected in his faith and so is a people's life. The religions of different peoples will therefore, to a marked degree, always be distinctive, endemic, reflecting their several histories and temperaments. Every universal religion is sooner or later localized, transmuted by the alchemy of the racial psyche and absorbed into the life-pattern of the group. There is no great religion without its historic pattern.

Thus Judaism is certainly a universalistic religion and yet how markedly racial and national it is. It mirrors the unique history of a people. It oracles the ancestral voices of the race. The Jew thinks of his God not alone in relation to the whole of humanity but quite specifically in relation to his own people. God has covenanted with Israel. The burden of a divine mandate has been placed upon him. He is to be the servant of God. His mission is to be "a light unto the nations, to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house."

He must follow his mission even if it makes him "despised, and forsaken of men, as one from whom men hide their face."

To ask of the Jew to surrender this unique religious dogma for the sake of a universally acceptable compilation of rarified theologic abstractions would be to rob him of that which is the most precious and magnificent quality of his faith.

So also with Christianity. Quite apart from the question of the divinity of Jesus, it is an indisputable fact that the personality of Jesus has been a luminously radiant fact in the life of Christianity. It has profoundly stirred the lives of many generations. It has moved myriads to emulation, to self-sacrifice and to martyrdom. This unique personality which is so focal in the faith-life of the Christian means less, much less, to the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Confucianist and the Jew. To ask of Christianity to reduce and attenuate this personality so as to make it acceptable to others would be to deprive it of that which is its prime distinction and its specific contribution to mankind.

I cannot think of a religion in a vacuum. I cannot conceive of my own religious life in a vacuum.

I do not derive my life-determining ideas from my neuro-cerebral system exclusively but from the close social life about me. If I think of my religion I think of it in terms of my people's religion. I share the faith-life of my group. I like to pray as my fathers prayed. I like the ancient rhythm and the ancient psalm. I like my people's festivals. Their mood, their atmosphere and their associations are congenial to deep and joyous religious sentiments. I like the ceremonies of my faith into which ages have poured their rich color. They bring beauty into my life and inspiration. They are mighty streams of religious idealism. Why should I surrender them? Why should the Christian or the adherent of any other historic faith be asked to surrender his intimate religious institutions and customs, which, because of their venerable age and cherished associations, have become powerful springs of action in his life?

In place of one religion for all mankind, civilization should foster one reverence for all religions, for all religions have a providential mission to perform in the world. There is no true religion and there is no false religion. Some religions have carried over from their pasts a number of obsolete and

discarded scientific notions. To that extent they are out of alignment with contemporary thought. But every religion in so far as it conceives of the universe as the manifestation of personality and beneficence and in so far as it impels human beings to a maximum of moral idealism is a true religion. And every church which looks upon itself as a corporate agency for the propagation of these beliefs is a true church. Therefore civilization should inculcate reverence and toleration for all religions. A man's faith is his innermost sanctuary and one should approach it with unshod feet, reverentially, for the place upon which he stands is holy ground. Such mutual reverence and toleration will ultimately lead to mutual coöperation in common tasks.

We need not be concerned about the presence of many religions in the world. Religion is failing to play its proper rôle in society today not because there are too many religions in the world but because there is too little religion in any of them. They have all wandered far from the wells of their original inspirations. They are repeating ancient battle cries from which the fervor of conviction

has fled. They have lost their visions. They retain only their dreams.

But the presence of many religions makes necessary a *modus vivendi* among them. Some ways must be found which will enable them to meet in joint, coöperative enterprises without losing their individualities. This is altogether possible and feasible but the spirit of religious imperialism is constantly thwarting the effort.

We know something about political imperialism. It is predicated upon the assumption that the greatness of one nation depends upon the weakness of every other nation and that there is room on earth only for one masterful, dominant people. There are, however, other types of imperialism. There is religious imperialism and racial imperialism.

The religious imperialist looks upon religion not as the adventure of the human soul, the pilgrimage of the questing child of man to the far-off shrine of divinity. He regards religion as a set of fixed concepts touching ultimate realities, revealed at a specific moment to a chosen individual and forever after entrusted into the charge and keeping of his disciples. The final and absolute truth is already here, expressed in sacred texts and in the exclusive

possession of one sect—his own. The religious imperialist monopolizes not only all religious truths but also all their delectable rewards. He has an option on Heaven. All others will gnash their teeth in outer darkness. He does not share the generous faith of the ancient Rabbi who declared: "The righteous among the Gentiles will have a portion in the world to come." The religious imperialist feels justified in imposing his faith upon all men, through kindly persuasiveness, if possible, but if necessary also through force.

There are many scholarly theologians engaged in the study of comparative or rather competitive religion, who are at heart nothing more than religious imperialists. Through skillful manipulations of texts and through fine-spun, subtle, homiletic interpretations, accompanied by a great display of erudition and disputatious wisdom, they succeed in extolling the glories of their own faith and in exposing the shortcomings of all other faiths. This is excellent propaganda but bad religion.

As long as the spirit of religious imperialism survives, religions will not meet. As soon as religious groups will realize that all faith is longing and all dogmas but temporary resting places for the ad-

vancing spirit of man, as soon as they will consent to the doctrine: "Let each man walk in the name of his God," they will be prepared to meet in mutual helpfulness.

What is true of religious imperialism is true also of racial imperialism. Pseudo-scientific propaganda for racial imperialism is widespread in the world today. The doctrine of racial superiority was used as a cover for the vicious motives of the last war. It has always been a blind for economic imperialism. The people in the South used it as an excuse for exploiting the colored man and for denying him his elementary human rights and his legitimate opportunities.

The possessor of blond hair and blue eyes, the Nordic, is taught to look upon himself as the salt of the earth. His race is creative. His race is superior. The dark-haired and brown-eyed man, the Mediterranean or Asiatic, is inferior. His race is mongrel. It can never rise to leadership. Therefore the Nordic race ought by right to be the dominant race.

There is, of course, no pure race in the world. Anyone who has even a smattering of history knows that all through the dark centuries follow-

ing the collapse of the Roman Empire, Europe was a veritable stamping ground of peoples, tribes and races, who moved to and fro across its face in vast migrations, mingled and co-mingled, and mixed their bloods with the indigenous populations, so that today there is not one people in Europe which can righty claim racial homogeneity.

Again there are no superior races. There are no races endowed by nature with superior qualities of mind or character. There are races more favored than others by circumstance, by environment, by geographic position, by the fertility of the soil or by the treasures underneath the soil. There are advanced races and backward races but no superior races. There are differences between races but no biologic gradations.

The vaunted superiority of the peoples of Northwestern Europe is of very recent date and is due largely to the shifting of the lanes of commerce from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and to the rich deposits of coal and iron found in their mountains. If these races had possessed superior natural endowments, they would have evolved the first civilization of mankind instead of the last. They would have been civilized long before the

Chinese were civilized or the Babylonians or the Egyptians or the Greeks or the Romans or the Arabs. Actually they were barbarians when these people were evolving great civilizations and carving highways for human progress.

Up to the fourteenth century the Prussians were heathens and barbarians. They were not even Christianized. Up to the twelfth century England, as far as civilization was concerned, was practically unknown. England and Scandinavia and northern France and the Netherlands and Germany were up to the last millennium, as far as human progress was concerned, negligible. They need not have existed at all. These "superior" peoples were utterly unknown when Greece—a Mediterranean people of Oriental admixture—was blessing mankind with a galaxy of poets, philosophers and artists whose gifts remain to this day unmatched for excellence by any Nordic people. They were unknown when Rome organized the ancient world and gave a law and a language to the peoples of Europe. They were unknown when a little Asiatic people, the Jews, was evolving a God-idea which is today the cherished faith of two-thirds of mankind. They were practically unknown to civilization when the

Arabs were building universities in Cairo, Cordova and Bagdad. All that northern Europe has today of art, literature and religion,—of the essential values of social life—have come to it from Asiatic and Mediterranean peoples. It is therefore supreme arrogance for any one racial group to regard itself as the sole creator and monitor of civilization.

Furthermore, no race remains permanently dominant. No race retains a position of supremacy for more than four or five centuries. Races are like individuals. The individual has his period of infancy and of adolescence. Then comes his period of maturity when he is able to give expression to his powers and to make his substantial contributions to society. Finally and inevitably old age sets in and senility. No individual, however brilliant, can resist the weariness and the exhaustion which come with age. Neither can any race. Races too have their periods of infancy and early development. Then comes their short golden age of maturity when they fashion out of the genius which is theirs those gifts which become their legacies to mankind. And then the reaction sets in,—intellectual and spiritual exhaustion. The race goes to seed. Five hundred or

even a thousand years may elapse before the race will experience a new ferment and stir, before it will begin to forge its way anew to another cycle of creative life.

Racial conceits and pretensions are ripe in the world today and as long as these race mythologies and blood cults persist so long will races not meet, and world unity will remain, as heretofore, an unrealized dream.

There is far more race idolatry in the world today than ever before in the history of mankind. There was no color line in antiquity. The Greeks were conscious of their cultural superiority but they did not attribute it to biology. They claimed excellency on the basis of their civilization, not their blood. The Romans were splendid racial cosmopolites. The Jew was proud not of his race but of his religion, and the proselyte to the faith was welcomed into the life of the race. The heathen who was a scholar was held in far higher repute than an ignorant High Priest who could trace his descent from Aaron himself. "God created only one Adam," declared a Rabbi, "in order that in future times no man shall be warranted in saying: I came from better stock than you do." And an-

other Rabbi declared, "I call heaven and earth to witness, be he man or woman, young or old, rich or poor, Jew or non-Jew, according to his deserts will the spirit of God descend upon him."

The Middle Ages knew very little of that racial chauvinism which is so rampant in our day. It was with the rise of colonial imperialism among the Northwestern European peoples, particularly during the last century, and the consequent exploitation of the backward races that the necessity arose of finding some ideologic justification for such exploitation. It soon appeared in the form of pseudo-scientific theories of race superiority. These theories gained prestige and popularity as the European nations proceeded to conquer, subject and despoil backward peoples. Some apologists even employed High Church terminology such as "bearing the White Man's burden" to savor the miserable mess of imperialistic pottage by means of which European peoples robbed other races of their birthright of freedom. The "White Man's burden" became the black man's curse and the brown man's and the yellow man's.

Modern nationalism has fallen under the blight of this race idolatry. The novel doctrine is now

being loudly proclaimed that a nation must be racially homogeneous and every national within the state who can not trace his ancestry back to the racial stock of the majority is an alien and an intruder. Racial minorities are almost everywhere disadvantaged in the modern state.

Racial and religious imperialism are stumbling blocks in the way of human progress. What is required in our day is not super-heated race or religious apologetics but a generous way of life which will give each race and religion the opportunity to live its own life, to express its own soul and to contribute its unique values to the commonalty of human life. Our age needs a form of good will which will not only tolerate differences but which will gladly use them for the enrichment of life.

There are people who would like to acquire good will through assimilation. They know that intolerance, in the last analysis, is due to the existence of differences—religious differences, racial differences, cultural differences. They would therefore do away with intolerance by obliterating these differences.

But that is paying too high a price! The thing gained is less than the thing surrendered. To use

Benjamin Franklin's phrase, "That is paying dear, very dear, for the whistle."

I like to be on the best of terms with my neighbor. I invite his friendship even as I proffer mine—but only on one condition: that he respect my individuality even as I respect his. He must take me for what I am even as I take him for what he is, not for what each of us would like the other one to be. I am what I am. I have been molded by centuries of distinctive cultural experiences. I am a unique racial precipitate. I wish to remain what I am. I am ready to acknowledge that my neighbor has the same right to retain his individuality and his racial and cultural distinctiveness. It is on the basis of such contrasts which are not conflicts that I would build a real comradeship of free men and good works.

I am Hebrew and not Anglo-Saxon. I am Hebrew and not Teuton, Gaul or Slav. I never will be anything else. I do not wish to take on, as protective coloration, the manners, attitudes and points of view of the Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Gaul or Slav. I do not wish to take on the livery of any man in order to enjoy the privilege of being in his retinue. I wish to be myself. Any other basis for

good will is spurious. Any movement for good will which demands of me self-abnegation, is a hostile attack. The man who would be my friend only if he can convert me to his way of living and thinking and believing, is not my friend. He is my enemy. He does not like me for what I am. He would like to see his own reflection in me.

The Jew who casts aside his distinctiveness for the sake of fellowship with other groups will bring nothing to that ultimate communion of minds which alone makes up human fellowship. He will bring to that hoped-for fraternity nothing but a masquerading self, a spurious and washed-out personality. He will have nothing to give. He has destroyed his uniqueness. It is only an integrated, vibrant and affirmative personality which has something to contribute to a community of personalities.

There is a type of good will which is based on indifference. "I am a Jew but I do not care very much about my religion. You are a Christian and you do not care very much about yours. Why, then, let us be broad-minded about it." This is not good will. It is unconcern. For an unbelieving Jew and an unbelieving non-Jew to be tolerant of each

other's non-belief is no achievement. It is when a believing Jew, who is profoundly moved by his faith, and a believing Christian, who is profoundly moved by his, discover a common basis for good will, that a significant event is consummated.

LIBERALISM AT THE CROSSROADS

LIBERALISM AT THE CROSSROADS

IT HAS been said that the liberals of America are tired. There is much truth to that statement. Many of them have gone into cautious retirement. Many others have been disillusioned by the manner in which their high hopes were frustrated during the last decade and a half. Still others have sniffed the rich savor of the flesh-pots of Egypt and have succumbed to its enticement. Others again have been fascinated by what appears to them to be the swift consummation of their ideals through revolution in countries like Russia, and they have accordingly seceded from the ranks of the slow-moving, ineffectual liberals and have joined the ranks of the red fraternity. Thus the liberal forces of America, having suffered desertion and discouragement, are tired, demoralized and scattered. This condition also obtains among the liberals in England and in other countries on the Continent.

It would be inaccurate however, to say that there is today no liberal sentiment in the United States.

There is a considerable amount of it in all departments of our national life, in politics and economics, in religion, in art, and in literature. But it is unorganized and undirected. It lacks program and leadership. It is certainly not aggressive. At best it rallies around a few liberal magazines, or one or two schools of social work, or a few outstanding men of well-known liberal tendencies.

Strangely enough, American liberalism is most in evidence today in the realm of religious thought. There is a real ferment there and heart-searching. It is somewhat in evidence in our literature, particularly in our novel of social criticism and in the saving remnant of our drama. The sex realism of much of our literature today is, of course, not liberalism but exhibitionism.

In our economic life liberalism is marking time, content to rest upon the truly remarkable gains which were achieved in the quarter of a century preceding the World War, and in the period of the war. In our political life, liberalism is purely negative. It has not even attained to the dignity of a party of protest.

But lest we despair, let us bear in mind always that liberalism is rooted in the traditions of our

people, and that its present decline is a temporary phase, indicative of a change not of outlook or temperament but of circumstances. The world without has changed, and not the spirit within; but the spirit within whether of men or of nations, is sorely troubled, and at times diverted from its true channel by radical changes in the world without. Liberalism in America is not a recent, tender or alien shoot. Phases of it were telling factors in our early colonial days. Liberalism burst forth in astounding glory during the Revolutionary Era when it emblazoned itself in imperishable splendor upon two of the great documents of mankind, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. It suffered a set-back in the stormy period of reconstruction which followed. It gathered momentum during the decades preceding the Civil War. It was hallowed in the nation's martyrdom during the Civil War. It slumped sadly in the era of continental expansion and exploitation which followed the Civil War. It bestirred itself anew in the Nineties, and thereafter for almost three decades it was a motive power in American political life. It gave us leaders of the type of Roosevelt, Wilson and LaFollette. It wrote many

an advanced measure of legislation upon our state and federal statute books. It even led America into the World War, in the vain and delusive hope of extending the empire of freedom to other parts of the world and to peoples less favored. The appeal to liberalism had to be made before the rank and file of the American people could be persuaded to enter the war. It emerged from the war beaten and betrayed.

For war is the enemy of all freedom. It is the negation of all that liberalism stands for. There can be no war without the conscription of thought and opinion. There can be no modern war without the complete militarization of a people's life.

When the World War ended, the war psychology did not end. And now for more than a decade the individual has been struggling to get from under the heel of the State, to regain his lost freedom, his intellectual autonomy and his decent human attitudes. Liberalism suffered a grave eclipse during these last years.

There are three enemies against which the liberal must be prepared to wage incessant warfare in modern society: The Usurping State, The Usurping Class and The Usurping Machine.

One of the major social problems of all time has been how to save men from group tyranny whilst preserving the heritage and the continuity of the group. In other words, how to insure the fullest expression of the individual without destroying the necessary political organism—the State.

In primitive society the individual counted for very little. The tribe was monolithic. Its solidarity was paramount. The individual was absorbed. He borrowed his ideology from his tribe. His actions were rigidly regulated by the tribal code and taboos. The deity whom he worshipped was the tribal deity. There were decided advantages to this arrangement. The individual was sheltered and protected, and if need be, avenged by his group. He felt secure in belonging to a group which was dominated by a compelling sense of mutual dependence and responsibility. The growth of the individual, however, was stunted. There was little room in this compact world of mass structure and corporate action for the individualist, the rebel, the non-conformist. Beyond the boundaries of his tribal home, even his gods dared not venture.

Life moved on. The despotism of the organized group was slowly attenuated. The individual began

to discover his own private life. Within himself he had come upon a world distinct in many ways from the world about him. As against his heritage of mass tradition, he became aware of personal sources of judgment and sanction.

Within the last five hundred years three great movements in European civilization accentuated still further the primacy of the individual over the group. The first movement was the Renaissance. The second was the Protestant Reformation. The third was the French Revolution. In each of these revolutionary movements in human thought, man's claims emerged triumphant, whether it was his intellectual claim to speculative freedom against the tyranny of philosophic and scientific tradition or his religious claim to spiritual autonomy against the tyranny of ecclesiastic hierachy, or his political claim to political sovereignty against the tyranny of autocratic government and the dynastic state.

But man's hard-won victories against the usurping State are even now not permanently secure. His gains are frequently challenged and endangered. At times they are totally wiped out. The State is always there, greedy, sedulously seeking ways by which to encroach upon man's domain, to

over-govern him, to enmesh him in laws and regulations, to coerce him into doing things which it piously thinks is for his good. In periods of emergency such as war, the State ruthlessly proceeds to take complete charge of a man's possessions, opinions, and of his very life. All over the world today the State is in the ascendancy.

In the face of the increasing pretensions of the State, it behooves the liberal to insist that man possesses certain inalienable rights over which the State has no power whatsoever. There are sovereign rights which are man's own by virtue of his humanity and not by virtue of his citizenship in a given political group and they are accordingly, to use Bentham's phrase, non-agenda for the State.

There is, of course, nothing sacrosanct about the State. The State should not be confused with society or with humanity. Some political philosophers, especially those who lived in times and in places where State consolidation was going on, sought to cast a halo of mystic glamour around the concept of the State. That is all metaphysical twaddle. The State is nothing more than the political machinery which a people sets up in order that it might live securely and in an orderly fashion.

It is administered by human beings, quite as fallible as all other human beings, who possess either delegated, inherited or usurped power, and who exercise that power, sometimes wisely, oftentimes foolishly—never faultlessly. It is folly to idolize the State. The ideal State, it has been truly said, is one "that rules with moderation and serves without meddling." This is the liberal's position. Both socialism, which is proletarian State idolatry and Fascism which is bourgeoise State idolatry are, by this definition, reactionary and illiberal. And it is quite consistent with their basic philosophies that Marx, the theorist of Socialism, and Lenin its pragmatist, hated liberals quite as vindictively as the Czars, and that Mussolini could pass without any mental wrench from the rôle of Socialist agitator to that of spokesman and prophet of Fascismo.

Politically, liberalism expresses itself in the democratic form of government. Our age has grown sceptical of democracy. In the Red gospel of Russia and in the Black gospel of Italy, democracy is characterized as an inane superstition and parliamentarianism as so much futile folderol. In our own land democracy has become the favorite target for sceptic and cynic. The catalogue of democratic

short-comings is meticulously itemized and descanted upon at great length and with much relish. Democracy is inefficient and wasteful. It makes for mediocrity. It degenerates into mobocracy. It spells the death of culture. Many a liberal has been led by these strictures to join the world-wide drift towards democratic renunciation and to admire frankly or furtively the apostles of the new authoritarianism.

These liberals are beguiled by the superficial efficiency which dictatorship early achieves. With the centralization of authority, there ensues a temporary speeding up in administration. Democratic government is frequently retarded by the strong political cross-currents which autocracy eliminates. The victories of autocracy are however early victories, and not lasting. The very concentration of authority proves its undoing, for it inevitably leads to a most cumbersome bureaucracy with all its attendant evils of inflexibility, nepotism, intrigue and corruption.

Autocracy must be imperialistic. It must, in some way, compensate the nation for its deprived liberties, for the loss of free speech, a free press, free assembly and free participation in political

responsibility. It must proffer it apocalyptic visions of national grandeur and expansion or an economic millennium. In order to achieve them, autocracy must wage war. Failing to achieve them it is discredited and overthrown.

Democracy is not without its defects but it possesses within itself the machinery for correcting them. Within its framework all political progress is possible. The pace of progress will in every instance be determined by the political sagacity and the moral intelligence of the citizenry. The liberal regards democracy not as absolutely perfect but progressively perfectible. Democracy collapses when it is overtaken by war or revolution. One of its primary tasks is, therefore, to make war impossible and revolution unnecessary.

It should be borne in mind however, that liberalism is more than a question of government. Under the most liberal, decentralized and minimal form of government men can still be illiberal, bigoted, snobbish, intolerant and reactionary. The worst forms of economic tyranny, organized bigotry, social exclusiveness, and racial conceit thrive under the most advanced political democracies. A man can be a blackguard even in Utopia. The battle-

fields of liberalism are as much in the hearts and minds of individual men and women as in the institutions of society. The true liberal is possessed of a humane catholicity of spirit which invites the whole world to come and people his world in order that his world may become livable and lovable for him and for others. He strives after a coöperative enjoyment of the good things of life.

And he has the free mind. His mind is open to the four corners of the earth, ready and eager to welcome all truth from whatever direction it may come. He demands of an idea no passport of tradition or respectability, only the passport of veracity. He is not indolently broad-minded, possessed of no loyalties for which he would not pour out his life-blood. He holds dear his own convictions, believing them to be true. But he never shuts himself up in infallibility. He may not, after all, be in possession of the truth or of the whole truth. Hence he is constantly checking up his ideas with those of others. He will surrender a cherished belief even though it involves a sweeping reorganization of his intellectual world and a further complication of his life. He scans the world's horizons for revelations of new truths, for every new truth is for him

a new ally. He is not enamored of ideas but of life and he knows that as far as the intellectual life of the race is concerned man is only at the beginning of things.

The second foe of liberalism is the Usurping Class. In older days it was the dynasties, the feudal lords, the military cliques, the priestly hierarchies which usurped power over the lives and fortunes of men. More recently it has been the capitalist class. In Bolshevik Russia today it is the proletarian class which is playing the old game of usurpation. They all do it, of course, for the benefit of mankind. But mankind is seemingly too stupid to realize it, and they must all resort to the bloody arguments of force, terror and intimidation to persuade mankind that it is all meant for its own good.

The modern proponents of class dictatorship argue that their régime is the necessary transitional stage to the ultimate and perfected liberal society. They justify the annihilation of liberalism by the promise of a greater liberalism to come. This is consummate polemics or monumental naïveté. History has repeatedly exposed this fallacy. No dictatorship will ever build the liberal society. One does

not lead to the other. Rather, one destroys the other. Dictatorship must resort to increasing dictatorial measures to sustain itself. It can never yield. It must break. Bolshevism follows its line of reasoning closely when it asserts that the Socialist state can never be achieved within the frame-work of the liberal, democratic apparatus. It must completely destroy it and upon its ruins erect its own characteristic administrative machinery. When the confused liberal will think through the logic of his own position with that inexorable straightforwardness of the Bolshevik he will cease to be the little brother of the proletarian dictatorship—or of any other dictatorship.

The bitter struggles of tomorrow will be economic ones, and they are likely to lead not only to international wars but to civil wars as well,—class against class—the ghastliest of all wars. Some one has said that "the main feature of our time is that the political movement of the world has passed through a political phase where liberalism led, and has passed into an economic phase where socialism leads." If this is true, then the prospect is black indeed, unless nations learn to pit a full measure of economic liberalism against the rising menace of

class struggle and class usurpation. The peace and well-being of society will be secured by the triumph neither of predatory capitalism, nor of predatory communism, but by the triumph of a broad economic liberalism which, while safe-guarding the indispensable requirements of social progress, individual enterprise, the stimulus of competition and private property, will yet wipe out those tragic extremes of excessive wealth and excessive poverty which obtain in our midst, will keep the avenues of opportunity open, will lift the burdens of industry from childhood and womanhood, will enable all men who labor to share more generously in the good things of life, and will protect them against the disabilities of sickness, accident, old age and unemployment.

The liberal here will have a hard road to travel. His way must always be the groping way, the way of experimentation, compromise and moderation —the accustomed way of progress. He has no simple and appealing formula—no panacea for all economic ills. His philosophy must always be the unheroic philosophy of the half loaf, rather than the extremist's philosophy of the whole or nothing. He will be damned alike by radical and reactionary.

Because he can never be a doctrinaire, he will miss in his life the glow of self-righteousness and the glamour which surrounds those who believe themselves to be in possession of the absolute truth and the perfect program. He can never relish the sly satisfaction of being contemptuous of his opponents —a favorite pastime of the doctrinaire, and he may never know, in prospect or in actuality, the unholy joy of crushing and exterminating his adversary—the fanatic's ecstatic reward. But the liberal's way is nevertheless the sure way of social salvation.

The third foe of modern liberalism is the Usurping Machine. The rapid industrialization of society has not only surrounded man with machines but has given the machine terrible power over man's physical, intellectual and social life. It is folly to rail at the machine-age and to think that the machine has not brought great blessings to mankind. The machine has given to the working-man a standard of living higher than that possessed by his brothers in toil at any time in human history—shorter hours, higher wages and better conditions of employment. It has removed the curse of serfdom from industry. It is removing the back-break-

ing drudgery from it. In the long run, too, the machine not only does not rob men of their jobs, but multiplies their job tenfold. There is a serious and, till now, unprovided for lag between the time of loss of employment through technological improvements and the re-absorption of such unemployed in industry. This, however, is not an insoluble problem. Shorter hours, industrial regularization, intelligent control of public construction programs, adequate labor exchanges and unemployment insurance may help to solve this specific problem as well as the general problem of unemployment. The machine has given to all men greater security and greater comfort. It is slowly but surely knitting the world more closely together.

But the machine which standardizes production also comes to standardize the producer. It tends to mechanize man, to absorb him into the process. The machine demands a rigid, machine-like organization of human servitors around it. They must conform to a given pattern, else the machine cannot work smoothly. As a result, the thoughts of men who serve the machine are frequently driven into grooves. They move with the alignment

of pistons. Men carry over into their social and cultural life the machine discipline—the passion for uniformity and organization. They grow to dislike and to distrust any manifestation of individualism. Thus our human values are becoming machine values, our judgments—mass judgments, and our reactions—mechanical. The ideas of men are becoming stereotyped. Their religion, their politics, their amusements, their tastes are becoming all of a kind—drab and monotonous.

Standardization and regimentation, so indispensable to modern industry built on mass production, are nevertheless fatal to liberalism, for the very essence of liberalism is the free and full development of distinctive men, each according to his native gifts and capacities, each according to his spiritual uniqueness.

Only the proper exploitation of leisure which the machine is increasingly bestowing upon men will enable them to salvage their individualism.

The machine not only standardizes man but frequently exploits him. Man's interests are subordinated to those of production. Oft-times man is brutally used up by the machine. Many industries today refuse to employ men who are over forty

years of age. Such men are regarded as too old to keep pace with the high speed and tension of modern industrialism. They are accordingly scrapped and thrown on the human waste-heap.

The machine also calls for a machine-type of education which trains men to become efficient producers but not well-rounded, full-orbed human beings. Men are coming to think primarily of jobs, careers, professions, success, and very little of the great adventure of living. The rich sap of human life is thus being drained to oil the wheels of industry.

But in the eyes of the liberal, man comes first,—the machine last. The profitable production and distribution of commodities is a necessary part of social existence—but only a part. Social life has other requirements. A nation's greatness is not its material wealth. It is the high tone and quality of its moral and cultural life. A nation's real treasures are those which serve as nutriment to the souls of men. Man was meant for more than a job—whether that job pays three or three hundred dollars a day. Man is born to enjoy the fullness of life, to enrich and cultivate his mind, to sensitize his being to beauty, to adventure in the realms of

the spirit. Industry must not so completely monopolize his energies and cripple him as to leave him unfit for this fuller life. It must neither standardize him nor consume him. It must not usurp his life.

These three usurpations, State, Class, and Machine, are the dark angels which the pilgrims to the City of God, the liberal spirits of the earth, will have to encounter in the days to come. In a sense they have always been with us. They are the immemorial enemies of humankind. They have only assumed new forms. The undaunted pilgrim will join battle with them, armored in his strong faith in the all-conquering power of reason and righteousness. He will suffer many a sharp defeat and his victories will never be final or complete, but each victory will bring him a little nearer to the ways of pleasantness and to the paths of peace.

There is a creed by which the untired liberals of all time have lived. It is this:

We believe in Man, in his slow, ascendant progress, in the autonomy of his spirit and in the primacy of his claims over the claims of all forms of human organization.

We believe in freedom—the fullest measure of

freedom compatible with the fullest measure of responsibility.

We believe in authority—but only in authority sanctioned by reason and consent.

We believe that the only tools of social progress are education, experimentation and coöperation.

We believe that to be well-governed is not as important as to be self-governed; that values bestowed are not as desirable as values achieved. Hence, we reject all manner of millenniums proffered to us at the spear-point of dictatorship.

We believe that all truth is made manifest through the contact and clash of diverse opinions and that the very motive power of progress is the free exchange of ideas and the exercised privilege of non-conformity.

We believe in tolerance but not in indifference, in enthusiasm but not in fanaticism, in convictions but not in obsessions, in independence but not in isolation, in conflict but not in hate.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE AMERICAN HOME

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ONE might select a sufficiently imposing array of facts from contemporary life to draw the conclusion that the American home is doomed. Many an earnest moralist has been led to this conclusion by a marshalled array of such facts. One should, however, guard himself against the subtle danger of generalization.

If we were writing a book on American Life we might readily collect six or seven striking phases of American Life, and on the basis of these we could build an argument which would be altogether true as far as the facts included, but altogether false as far as the facts omitted. We could write of America as the land of appalling crime and lawlessness, of political corruption, of intense industrial strife, of glaring economic inequality, the land where more than a million and a half children are still exploited in industry, where millions of men are disenfranchised and segregated be-

cause of their color, and where lynching, in some quarters, is still a popular pastime.

This would all be true, and yet, if these were the only facts used, our picture of America would be altogether false and misleading. To give a complete view of American Life we would have to include much more which would undoubtedly temper the sharp asperity of these facts. We would have to write of America as the land of remarkable opportunity, where workingmen enjoy a standard of living higher than that of any other country in the world, the land of universal popular education, of countless philanthropic enterprises and highly developed agencies for social service. We would have to include all this and much more in order to present a complete and faithful picture of America.

And so it is with the American home. To form a judgment of the average American home based solely on the numerous instances of impermanence and infidelity which obtrude themselves upon our attention or are chronicled in the public press, is altogether unwarranted. The millions of American homes are still sound. Love and fidelity and the spirit of self-sacrifice have not yet entirely vanished

from the dwelling places of our people and around millions of firesides the sanctities of life still hover. There are still vast reserves of spiritual and moral strength in the American home and one need not anticipate its early liquidation. The affections which build a home are grounded in the very nature of man, and as long as men and women live upon this earth, so long will they build homes and families, and so long will the virtues of mutual solicitude, faithfulness and loyalty abide with them.

On the other hand, it would be the sheerest folly to assume that all is well with the American home. All is not well with the American home. The American home is in ferment. It is passing through the preliminary stages of a new adjustment made necessary by the new conditions of life, and like all adjustments, it is attended by pain, suffering and tragedy.

The American home is being attacked by new social, economic and intellectual forces, and it has not yet perfected the strategy with which to meet the new conditions.

Before the industrial revolution, the home was an economic unit. Husband, wife and children were economically inter-dependent. Today millions

of women earn their own living and millions of young people, too, support themselves. Economic pressure, in many instances, is no longer sufficiently compelling to maintain the integrity of the family group. Factors, other than material, must now be counted upon, to a degree even greater than in the past, to preserve the solidarity of the home.

The industrial revolution brought about a growing democratization of social life. The dogma of obedience to authority yielded to the dogma of the inalienable rights of man. In political life this led to a revolt against the exclusive authority of king or ruling class. In industrial life it led to a revolt against the arbitrary domination of the employer of labor. In the home it led to a revolt against the autocratic organization of family life; for up to quite recently wife and children possessed no rights whatever in the home, other than those which love and affection bestowed, and where these were absent, they possessed no rights at all.

Today both legal and moral sanctions have radically changed the social pattern of the home. Paternal and parental authority has given way to the asseverated individualism on the part of the individual members of the household. Each one

claims and exercises the right to live his or her own life. There has accordingly ensued a disruptive centrifugence in the home. In domestic life, no less than in political life, men have yet to educate themselves into the full implications of freedom. Freedom without the voluntary assumption of obligations, without sharing burdens and making sacrifices, is no freedom at all, but the sheerest anarchy. The American home will have to pass through a very long and severe process of re-orientation before it can become the home of truly free men.

Another factor which tends to undermine the stability of the American home is wealth. A hundred years ago there were very few rich people in the United States. We were then a nation of struggling, hard-working pioneers. Today there are exceedingly many rich families in our midst. And the wealth of those days was not at all comparable to the opulence of our day.

Intrinsically, wealth is no greater evil than poverty. It is no less difficult for the poor man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for the rich man. Involuntary poverty has never ennobled a man and national penury has never produced a

great civilization. Poverty enslaves while wealth enervates. Neither is without its baleful possibilities. Hence the irrefutable wisdom of that ancient prayer: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Wealth undermines character, saps moral vitality and increases temptations a hundredfold. Tens of thousands of American women of the upper and middle classes are pampered and over-indulged. Wealth has brought them leisure but not the knowledge how to use that leisure purposefully. Children of the well-to-do are denied the up-building discipline of struggle and the spiritual satisfactions of making their own way in the world. They are early surfeited with those comforts and luxuries which, at best, should come only as the reward of years of labor and achievement. Wealth has brought moral slovenliness into the lives of many men and distorted their spiritual perspectives.

As a people we shall have to train ourselves to withstand the corrosive influences of wealth and long-continued prosperity. "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." The American home has been rudely shaken by this fractious wealth-gorged contumacy of our age. We shall need to learn the creative usages of leisure, the moral mandates of wealth and

the salutary offices of restraint and self-control. It is against the opiate of prosperity which deadens the moral sensitiveness of a people that we shall have to guard ourselves in the future. We are the richest nation in the world today and the richest nations were always the first to succumb to moral decadence. Some nations have had to surmount the handicap of poverty. We shall have to surmount the handicap of wealth.

Another factor which has been making for the demoralization of the American home is the neo-paganism which came in the wake of the last war. War is the enemy of all morality. Especially is it the enemy of the home. War takes men away from their homes and their normal environments where traditions, moral habits and public opinion exert a restraining influence upon their conduct, and transports them to a world of stress, tension and emotional excitation, where sexual laxity becomes almost inevitable. Simultaneously other moral disciplines are relaxed. During war the spirit of "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," becomes the dominant motif of life. When war ends the hedonistic fatalism of war does not end with it. It is carried over beyond the armistice into peace-

time ways of life and thought. Whatever we witness today of the cheapening and the vulgarization of life, of moral shoddiness and the bewildering caprioles of "flaming youth" that shock and startle us, is simply the muddy backwash of the saturnalia of war.

There is a great clamoring abroad in our land today for the individual's right to happiness. This is a mischievous doctrine for it makes the individual man, rather than the collective man, the measure of all things and the individual's concept of personal happiness the sole criterion of moral values. Man possesses no rights other than the right to do right. No man has a right to happiness which is not at the same time socially desirable. The happiness of the individual is, to be sure, an end in social ethics but not the only end. There are other ends to which individual happiness must frequently be subordinated. Few things are as dear to a man as his own life, and yet at the behest of patriotic duty, in defense of one's country, or at the behest of some other high mandate men will sacrifice their lives and all their chances of happiness. Men speak glibly today of man's duty to express himself, forgetting that man's first duty is to *perfect* him-

self. Often men express their lowest selves and are not even aware of their higher selves. Self-expression is the last, not the first, stage in moral evolution.

People today are much more frank and intelligent in their discussions of the subject of sex. This biologic fact is no longer considered taboo. But there are those who confuse knowledge with sanction, and an understanding of the laws of nature with the privilege to play fast and loose with the code of moral conduct which society has painstakingly built upon those laws.

The American people will not long tolerate a neo-paganism alien to its essential genius. American civilization is Hebraic and Christian, not pagan. Its character has been molded by centuries of wholesome moral living, and it will not easily succumb to the passing aberrations of our day. For the moment it is slyly amused by the struttings and capers of the new pagans, by the exotic quality and foreign flavor of their pronouncements. Soon it will lose patience with them and a thorough house-cleaning will then ensue.

The Elizabethan era was an era very much like our own. It was brought about by the same condi-

tions of war and victory. The age went on a moral rampage but the sanity of the English people soon asserted itself. The Puritan reaction followed, and, in spite of its rigoristic excesses, it proved a sobering and corrective influence in the life of the nation.

The American people knows that all the demands which are being put forward for looser ties within the home, for easier divorce, trial marriage, companionate marriage or free love are not the progressive claims of a morally advancing social order. They are the atavistic hankerings after lower forms of human relationships with which the human race experimented centuries ago and which were finally rejected because they were found wanting. They did not call forth the strongest and noblest qualities in man. They were accordingly discarded. Far from rendering the lives of men and women freer and happier, as it is fatuously assumed by some in our day, these loose forms of association were found to cheapen and embitter life, to rob it of its dignity, to reduce sex to its lowest common physical denominator and to endanger the spiritual education of the offspring. "The monogamous family," declared Prof. Jennings on the basis of

his biologic researches, "with its life-long union of mates, appears as the final term of a long evolutionary series." Here again science is confirming the intuitive postulates of religion which long ago raised marriage to a sacrament and declared monogamy to be the ideal union upon which to build the noblest family life.

Some social reformers, aware of the undermining of family morality which is going on apace in our land, have proposed a radical revision of the institution of marriage. The logic of their position seems to be that you can sublimate immorality by legalizing it. By implication one is led to infer also that all moral evils are institutional in their origin and can therefore be corrected by some drastic institutional reorganization. This is a naïve and faulty doctrine.

When men have not the courage to blame themselves for their failings they blame their institutions. It is easier by far and much pleasanter to saddle an impersonal institution with the delinquencies of an age than to point the indicting finger at oneself. Our age is too busy money-grubbing to attend properly to the duties of citizenship and so we put all the onus of our political corruption

upon our democratic institutions. It is democracy, not we, that has failed. We are too engrossed in the pursuit of material comforts and pleasures to be interested in the cultivation of our spiritual life and so we blame our religious institutions. The church is at fault. Men and women lack the strength of character to welcome the restraints of pure family life and prefer the laxities of indulgence and self-pampering. The fault is not with them but with the institution of marriage.

We are likewise frequently deceived by obsolescent ideas tricked out in the youthful livery of pseudo-scientific modernity. The primitivist Nietzsche captivated a generation by investing an archaic jungle ethics with the garniture of brilliant metaphysical paradoxes. The form was new. The substance was of the fossilized deposits of civilization long since outworn.

Thus many anarchic human cravings today are demanding reinstatement and social respectability on the strength of new and pretentious psychoanalytical revelations. Like every new and unrectified science, psychoanalysis has given rise to a host of preposterous moral vagaries. A weird and appalling mass of fictions is now parading as indisputable

truth of mental hygiene. The psychology of the abnormal is assumed to be norm for the normal. The psychic evils of morbid inhibitions are arguments employed against self-restraint in sexual life and in behalf of moral tempermentalism. Men use a new terminology and believe themselves to be masters of a new truth. There is nothing new in these undisciplined appetites of men under whatever pretext they proclaim themselves. They offer no new recipe for human happiness. They lead inevitably to spiritual degeneration and social disaster.

Religion has long known this. It therefore refuses to be impressed by the heathen ragings of our day. Its wisdom is the cumulative wisdom of the ages. Its moral theses have been tested by time and are grounded in the millennial experiences of the race. It is not an amateur in matters of human relations. It has lived intimately with man through vast cycles of time and it has learned to understand him critically, to judge him sympathetically and to guide him steadfastly along the narrow way of self-discipline. In a world of shifting standards, of moral drift and confusion, religion proclaims today, as of yore, its few simple, strong, unalterable

convictions touching the basic sanctities of human life.

Marriage, it maintains, is holy ground. One should approach it reverently. It is a spiritual experience, the most critical and decisive in human life. Judaism calls marriage "kiddushin"—sanctification. It sanctifies the privilege of sharing in creative life. Through its portals men and women enter the realm of their immortality. The sex-life of men and women is an expression of the divine creative impulse throbbing through all the universe. It is neither evil nor degrading. It is noble and beautiful. Only other-worldly, apocalyptic religions preached asceticism, conceived of man's physical life as inherently wicked and demanded the mortification of the flesh as the price of spiritual salvation. Social religions sanctified the sex-life of man, and called marriage a sacrament. Marriage is not an arrangement of convenience, physical or financial, to be entered into at will and dissolved at whim. The ordinary standards of convenience which apply to the commonplace relationships of men cannot be applied to this basic human relationship. It is a holy covenant between two souls pledged to revere one another, to face life's

tasks together, sorrow, struggle and disillusionment, to be each others complement, to build a home and to shield and love the offspring of their union. The integrity of the family rather than the chance happiness of the individual is the primary concern. Men and women must learn to look upon the conflicts incidental to the adjustment of personalities within the marriage bond as the very stepping-stones upon which they are to rise to the higher levels of self-completion. The more the institution of marriage is secularized, the less of a potent, mystic spiritual experience it will prove. Divorces will continue to increase apace and broken homes; for a broken home is, first and foremost, evidence of a broken faith, of a lost reverence.

The rôle of the father in the home is more than that of material provider. He is the priest officiating at the high altars of God. He is teacher, counsellor, guide. He must be the worthy object of youth's adoration and emulation.

The rôle of the mother in the home is more than that of administrator. The Bible speaks of "the Torah of thy mother"—the spiritual instruction of mothers. The lips of the mother should impart the profoundest truths of life and human conduct,

reverence, purity and nobility, to the developing mind of childhood.

The rôle of the child in the home is not that of a pampered object of universal solicitude. The child must be trained into the obligations of coöperative living. He must be made aware that he is a member of a group and that group life implies duties and restraints. Social life is possible only if there exists a balance between liberty and discipline. There are rules of the game which he did not make and which he cannot break with impunity. The "lunatic fringe" of modern pedagogy and child-care has been responsible for most strange and fantastic methods of child-rearing in many American homes. The child is permitted to exploit and terrorize the home for fear of having its individuality repressed, whereas this very non-coöperative individuality inherent in all children should be corrected very early in childhood before society gets a chance to suppress it ruthlessly and painfully. There is an individualism which destroys the individual.

The home itself, religion maintains, is a spiritual entity. It is built out of the imponderable things of the spirit. Loyalties, memories, imagination, sacrifices, joy, laughter and tears build a home.

Reverence, modesty, tact and delicacy sustain it. The home is a sanctuary and across its portals should forever remain inscribed in letters of living flame: "Verily this is the House of God and this is the Gate of Heaven."

These religious conceptions of marriage, home and family life are exalted but not unreal and impossible. They are not "too bright or good for human nature's daily food." They are the ideals lifted high, toward which men should aspire. They cannot always be reached but religion nevertheless sets the goal and prescribes the direction. Religion can understand and forgive personal lapses and failures but it cannot draw in the goal or lower the moral requirements for admission to the kingdom of moral perfection.

EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE

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IT IS clear that education has a two-fold function to perform in the life of man and in the life of society: the one is utility and the other is culture. Education must enable a man to become more efficient, to achieve with increasing facility the legitimate goals of his life, and it must also humanize him.

A truly intelligent education will first of all cultivate in us, as part of our necessary mental equipment, the power of concentration. One of the supreme achievements of the human mind is intensive thinking—that act of will which focuses our entire mental apparatus upon one given problem and holds it there until that problem is solved. The process of disciplining the mind for sustained and persistent speculation is infinitely more important than the accumulation of what we call knowledge or the mechanics of retaining that knowledge which we call memory.

Education must also train us for quick, resolute

and effective thinking. To think is the hardest thing in the world—to think hard, to think incisively and to think for ourselves. We are prone to choose the wandering way of mental vagaries, which is effortless, rather than the hard, unbending road of regulated thought which brings weariness and brain-fag. Again, our mental life is being constantly invaded by legions of half-truths, perversions of truth, prejudices and propaganda. Even our authentic channels of information, the press, the class-room, the platform and the pulpit, in many instances, do not give us objective and unbiased truth. To save man from the morass of propaganda is one of the chief aims of education. Education must enable us to sift and weigh evidence, to judge critically, to discern the true from the false, the real from the unreal, the fact from the fiction. The modern man is distinguished from the ancient or the medieval man in that he possesses not a better mind but a better set of scientific tools for ascertaining truth and for gauging reality. It is in the constant employment of the scientific method in all of our thinking that we are truly modern.

And lastly, education must stimulate our crea-

tive imagination. It is from the creative imagination that the element of originality—the new note and quality in life—springs. Whether in science, art, literature or religion, no new paths are blazed without imagination. The new revelations come from those who "can frame out of three sounds, not a fourth sound, but a star. . . ."

The first function of education, therefore, is to teach man to think intensively, to think critically, and to think imaginatively; to endow his mental life as far as possible with the power of concentration, with canons of judgment and with the urge to adventure in the undiscovered continents of truth. But this is not the whole of education. Education for efficiency is only one-half of education. Education which stops with efficiency may prove the greatest menace to man and to society. The most dangerous criminal may be the man who is plentifully endowed with the gifts of concentration, reason and imagination, but with no morals. Perhaps the most dangerous epochs in civilization are those in which the mind of the race has outdistanced its spirit, in which the increased power of the race, made available through new discoveries and inventions, is not harnessed and guided by an

equally increased ethical purpose and by higher consecrations.

Intelligence is not enough. Intelligence plus character—that is the goal of true education. To integrate human life around central, focusing ideals, and to supply the motive power as well as the technique for attaining these ideals—that is the highest effort of education. The complete education gives us not only power of concentration, but worthy objectives upon which to concentrate, not only a critical faculty for precise judgment, but also profound sympathies with which to temper the asperity of our judgments, not only a quickened imagination, but also an enkindling enthusiasm for the objects of our imagination. It is not enough to know truth. We must love truth and sacrifice for it. It is not enough to be quick of perception. We must be quick to respond to the appeal of human loyalties. Our lives need much more than a precise, eager and powerful intellect. They need not only knowledge which is power, but wisdom which is control. They need not only truth which is light, but goodness which is warmth. They need love and loyalties and the lift of aspirations. They need charm and dignity and a splendid

restraint. They need quietness and peace and kindly human contacts. The broad education will, therefore, transmit to us not only the accumulated knowledge of the race, but also the accumulated experiences of social living. It will translate truth into a way of life. It will educate us for the good life.

There are two qualities which distinguish the good life—the quality of service and of adventure.

Goodness finds its objectives not in ourselves but in others. It is only as we widen the circle of our lives to include the lives of others that we develop into spiritual maturity and taste of the good life. The full and free unfoldment of personality, which is life's chief goal, is impossible without, as it were, a transmigration of souls, without projecting our lives into the lives of others and without linking up our destiny with the destiny of the advancing life of the whole of mankind.

No man can experience the majesty of the good life who isolates his destiny. It is in the arena of life, in the very thick of the affray, battling for the sanctities of human life, that one is privileged to taste the intoxication of the good life.

The other quality which distinguishes the good

life is the quality of adventure. Goodness seeks its major victories not in the present, but in the future. "My Kingdom is not of this world." . . . The Kingdom is fashioned out of a grace and loveliness still unborn. The good life is characterized by a prophetic rhythm. It hungers after the new heavens and the new earth. The whole story of human progress is simply a catalogue of the new truth, the new insight, the new qualities which the adventurous spirits of the race from time to time added to the social assets. The entire capital stock of civilization is made up of those single revelational acts of individuals which had never been witnessed before.

The new, however, must always spring from the old, and this is a truism which is frequently overlooked. The seeds of the future can be fruitful only when sown in the furrows of the past.

Pathology knows of two sad maladies which afflict men—total forgetfulness and total recall. In the one case the person suffers complete loss of memory. He is severed from his past and knows only the present. In the other instance the person is overwhelmed by every detail of his past, so that

he can think of nothing else. He is monopolized by his memory. Both cases are pathological.

The human race as a whole, or a particular segment of it, often falls victim to one or the other of these maladies. It lives through whole epochs during which it is completely dominated by the past, shackled by traditions and precedent. It makes no headway. It discovers no new truths. Certain time-honored notions, certain long-established customs or dogmas, because of their antiquity, are universally credited and accepted. No one questions them. The creative energy of such an epoch seeks outlet, not in new discoveries, nor in prophetic anticipations, but in the refinement and consolidation of existing knowledge. This spells stagnation.

Europe knew such an age of helpless retrospection in the Middle Ages. For a thousand years certain traditions tyrannized over the minds of Europe,—Aristotle in philosophy, Galen in medicine, Augustine in theology, the Ptolemaic system in astronomy. The Middle Ages were a case of total recall. Their creative energies went to waste in pawing over the old, in repeating and elaborating upon the intellectual equations of the ancients.

The malady of total recall often attacks human

institutions. Institutions arise in response to some pressing need of social life. When that need disappears, the institution does not as quickly disappear. It hangs on. It encumbers life. But mankind is content, out of deference to the established usages and its enslavement to the past, to endure the abuses of the old rather than create the new.

Feudalism, for example, arose out of the chaos of Europe following the disintegration of the central authority of the Roman Empire. Life was then uncertain, travel precarious. Cities were at the mercy of marauding bands. Instinctively men grouped themselves around their strongest leaders for mutual protection. Feudalism appeared—islands of safety in a sea of turbulence and anarchy. Order and discipline were maintained. For generations Feudalism served well the economic and political needs of the peoples of Europe. After a time the need for it disappeared, but Feudalism continued. Like all institutions unrelated to life, it soon degenerated into an agency of oppression and exploitation. The nobles ceased to be protectors and became plunderers, and the masses ceased to be vassals and became serfs. But so dominated is mankind by custom and tradition, that it endured Feudalism

for centuries after it had ceased to function. For centuries Europe remained tied to this dead and decaying body, until the French Revolution tore them asunder forever.

Nationalism, too, is a case in point. In response to a legitimate urge towards self-expression, nations, following the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire, sought their independence. National cultures, once utterly disregarded by rulers who added country to country as if they were mere stretches of territory, asserted themselves. Nations set about rediscovering their pasts, developing their national speech and literature and integrating their group personality. This process was particularly strong during the last century. All of which was utterly commendable and desirable.

But the tradition of nationalism soon became inadequate. New conditions arose, requiring new adjustment. It was found that uncoördinated national self-determination led to rivalry and hostility. The world needed a new conception of national interdependence and a more lively sense of international solidarity. But so enamored are we of the past, of past shibboleths and past fetishes, that we cannot now take this necessary step with-

out the compulsion of war and bloodshed. The witchery of the past holds the nations of the earth in thralldom.

On the other hand, there are moments in history when peoples break with their past completely, when they disinherit themselves as it were, and begin to reconstruct their life on lines entirely new and on ideal conceptions unrelated to precedent and experience. Such revolutionary efforts are not rare in history and they are as pathetic as they are vain. They are doomed to failure. No people can begin life as of today. It must begin with ten thousand yesterdays, with the load and the leaven, the pull and the push of the past. The world is already too old for nations to start *de novo*. Life is already too enmeshed and snarled for idyllic experiments in Arcadia.

Only such ideals have a chance in life and a chance to advance life, which are reverent of the past, which discover the undeviating lines and the invincible strength of the past, and which follow those lines and add to that strength, while avoiding the pitfalls and errors and blind alleys of the past. Chesterton wisely asserts: "In history there is no Revolution that is not a Restoration, and all the

men that have really done anything with the future have had their eyes fixed upon the past." He points to the Renaissance, where the very word proves his case. "The originality of Michaelangelo and Shakespeare began with the digging up of old vases and manuscripts. . . . The Reformation looked back to the Bible and the Bible times . . . Never was the past more venerated by men than it was by the French Revolutionists. They invoked the little republics of antiquity with the complete confidence of one who invokes the gods."

In seeking the new, one should also guard himself against confounding the new with the novel. A man putting on a new garment does not by that token become a new man, and an age putting on new manners does not become a new age. Authentic newness in man or in an age is inward spiritual renewal, new emphases, new sets of values, higher aspirations and higher interests.

Every age has its novelty seekers and its spasmodic hankering after the bizarre and the flamboyant. Every epoch has its false glitter and its cheap and easy cleverness. The young men and women of almost every age, except the excessively repressed ones, have sought after the sharp relish of the

novel and the unconventional in clothes, speech, manners and ideas. Our own age is especially addicted to this idolatry of the novel. Our young people would break with the conventions and restraints of the past and plunge into what they call the New Life. But this new life is, after all, no new life at all, but an acceleration of the old rhythm—a swifter scansion of an hackneyed melody. The irreverences and the irresponsibilities of our day are no whit different from the stale bravadoes of every generation since the beginning of time—the same capers and the same totems. There is nothing new in novelty! . . .

The New Life is not a new excitement, but a new exultation—not a stimulant, but a satisfaction. We renew ourselves, not by indulging our appetites, but by improving our tastes. We enter new worlds through the gates of aspiration.

The artist enters new worlds by way of his art, and by that token his life is renewed. As his art is perfected his life is progressively renewed—like an endless drama of resurrection. The musician, the poet, the scholar traverse unexplored continents of beatitudes, untrod by the uninitiated, and to that degree their life is a perennial renewal. Every

creative effort of heart or mind is a glorious hazardry into undiscovered worlds, bringing lilt and flame to the eager heart. He who follows a beckoning ideal is assured of an unfailing refreshment of soul which will save him from the drab weariness of the advancing years.

But only such ideals possess the magic power of renewal which forever elude complete fulfillment. They alone are worthy of us.

An ideal which a man can achieve in his lifetime is unworthy of him, unworthy of the reach of his imagination, the chivalry of his spirit, the hardihood of his faith. Only such tasks and ambitions are worthy of us which lay bare the finitude of our bodies and the infinitude of our souls, the impotence of flesh and the omnipotence of spirit, the brevity of our days and the eternity of our dreams. Blessed is the man whose dream outlives him! Blessed is the man who is strong enough to see himself grow old and powerless while his ideal remains young and green. For then old age assumes a dignity which compensates for his infirmities. The flame of life may burn low, but from the undefiled altars of his ageless soul the holy incense of his vision will rise heavenward.

In his picture of Dorian Gray, Oscar Wilde tells of a young man, radiant and beautiful as a god, whom a great artist painted in the full splendor of his youth. When the man beheld the finished masterpiece, he burst into tears. "How sad it is," he cried, "that I must grow old. My face shall become wrinkled and wizened, my eyes shall grow dim and colorless, but this picture shall remain always young. Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change and I could remain always what I am now!" His wish was granted. Throughout the succeeding years his picture—his dream-world—changed with the changes that came over him, while he remained unalterably the same. Through successive stages of degradation and shame, through sin and cruelty and vice, he remained the same, young and beautiful—but his picture—the mirror and reflex of his soul—took on all the ugliness, all the viciousness, and all the spiritual disfigurement which were his. At last the horror of the picture, the ghastly deformity of his dream-world, drove him to madness and to self-destruction.

This is the tragedy of one who wishes to outlive his dream. When such a man grows old he will

have memories which will embitter his days; for all his glory will be of yesterday, and all his hopes as if they had never been.

The great, renewing ideals which men set for themselves cannot be achieved in their lifetime. But they are not without their recompense. They create new worlds for us in which to live. Our mental and spiritual reactions to these ideals, the enthusiasms and exaltations which they create within us, give to our life a deeper content and a wider scope. They crowd our days with eagerness and beauty. We may be denied the world of achievement but we cannot be denied the world of poetry and romance and the rich savor of living which the very presence of the ideal within us creates for us. There-in does the spiritual differ from the physical. The physical must be possessed or consumed to be enjoyed, but we need not possess or consume our ideals in order to enjoy them. We enjoy them in the quest and struggle for them and in our devotion to them.

An ethical book written by a mystic of the eighteenth century tells a naïve and charming folk-tale. There lived somewhere a lonely and pious man, poor and forgotten of men, whose entire

possession in life was one single tract of sacred lore. He had no other books. The pious man spent all his days reading and re-reading this one sacred tract. It filled his entire life. It became his world. He guarded it. He loved it. He treasured it. When he died, so runs the tale, this precious tome of sacred lore was transformed into a radiant maiden of surpassing loveliness, who led this faithful devotee to the Gates of Paradise. Quaint, is it not? But how profoundly true! In such-wise did Beatrice lead Dante along the terraces of heaven. For every high devotion, for every transfiguring wish, or hope, or prayer, an angel is born unto us to be our ministrant and guardian.

Such is the potency of ideals. They give us a whole realm of grace and beauty in which to live, even while they themselves are passing through the tragic stages of denial and frustration leading to their ultimate transfiguration.

Education for the Good Life should encourage the cultivation of such ideals within us as will make of our life an unbroken process of spiritual and intellectual growth and renewal. Our business or profession should not be permitted to become so mechanical as to restrict our development or

consign us to the treadmill of repetition and monotony. We should, of course, attempt to advance to the very limits of our vocation, to explore its every byway and to marshal into play every talent which we possess, but we must continue our self-fulfillment beyond it and outside of it. No occupation, however large its scope, is large enough to enclave our whole personality. Like a jewel radiating through numerous facets, our spirit should adventure along manifold ways.

Our age is one of specialization and a man's success is determined by his ability to master thoroughly a prescribed field of economic activity. It is not so much scope as intensive expertness in a limited field which counts. This makes for progress in industry; for industry can link these small efficient units into a greater scheme. But the individual who confines his whole life to one specialized activity to the exclusion of all else starves and destroys it. Human life requires scope and comprehensiveness. A well-rounded, colorful human personality cannot be developed within the hard routine of a job, however remunerative and estimable it may be.

Man must have more than one world in which to

live; for his one world may collapse and then he is totally bereft. Along side of his job-world he must construct for himself a leisure-world wherein he can live freely and joyously in the rôle of a creative amateur, pursuing objectives not out of economic necessity but because of his sheer love for them. This will enable him to remain young amidst the aging toll of the relentless years.

Faust grew old. He sought to regain his youth by rekindling the burnt-out passions of youth—wealth and love and life and laughter. He sold his soul for one great hour of renewal. He failed. But in the end, writes Goethe, Faust found happiness and refreshment of soul and a new meaning and interest in life, by engaging in some great social task of reclamation, an enterprise which quickened his mind, warmed his heart and put eagerness into his tired nerves. It made him master of old age by making him servant of that which is ageless.

HOW SHALL WE MEASURE LIFE?

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THERE are thoughtful men who watch with apprehension the passing of their years. This is particularly true of those who have entered the quieter and sadder years of middle age. To them the passing of time brings reflections, somber and earnest, touching life, its meaning, its goal and all its strange vicissitudes. One question among many is induced in their minds by these reflections.

How shall we measure life? By what rule shall we gauge it? Shall we measure life by time? Shall we say that he who lives longest lives best? Assuredly, there are very few people indeed who really believe that length of days is life's highest prize. We all wish to live long enough to carry through our life's program, and to see if only in part, the fruits of our labor. But we would never conceive of ourselves as having lived splendidly simply because we had lived to be seventy or eighty years old. The size of a canvas does not determine the value of the painting, nor does the number of

our years determine the worth of our life. "It is possible," said the Roman sage Seneca, "or rather usual, for a man who has lived long to have lived too little."

If we are to think of life only in terms of time we are likely to be saddened by the prospect as we grow older. For on the up-grade of our years, time brings with it joy and eager anticipation, but on the down-grade, time brings with it, as often as not, sadness and disillusionment and the thought of the certain and ineluctable end. In our youthful years time means the burgeoning of our hopes, the relish of novel experiences, the glow of ambition. In our aging years time means the ripening of all things unto harvest, the ingathering, the retarded tempo, the reduced powers, and hopes bounded by ever narrowing rings.

It is true that time teaches us wisdom. Time softens sorrows, subdues passions and often-times brings moderation and peace of spirit. But time also wears all things down, robs us of the rich zest of living, teaches us what we cannot do and brings us at last, spent and wearied, to the gates of death.

And what does human life amount to after all when considered as time? It is amazingly insignifi-

cant. The whole life of man is less than a second in the cosmic calendar, less than a point on the chart of time. Our life is just a moment's continuation of that life which was in our ancestors and further back through unnumbered generations in the animal, the protoplasm, the unicellular organism, in the sun-heat and the flaming, leaping seas of hydrogen. Our individual life is but an imperceptible vibration in the infinite throb of cosmic life. How can it be measured at all? It is so infinitesimal. What meaning has the flurried eddy of a man's three score years and ten, when one comprehends the immeasurable sweep of the tides of time? "A thousand years are in Thy sight but as yesterday, and as a watch in the night." Nay, ten thousand thousand years are in His sight but as yesterday! Perhaps a thousand million years passed before the first invertebrate evolved out of the lowest form of life. Another five hundred thousand years, or more, elapsed before the first vertebrate and the first mammal appeared, and incalculably long cycles of time before man emerged from the man-ape. Against this background of stupendous epochs —eras which even our imagination cannot grasp—

what is man's puny life of three score years and ten?

How then shall we measure human life? Shall we measure it in terms of possessions? Is that man to be credited with having lived most who has accumulated most? Shall we say: "Behold, this man got the most out of life. Witness his wealth. This man got the least out of life. Witness his poverty." Is this the true gauge of life? Few of us would really consent to this. When we wish to speak kindly of someone who has departed from the world of the living, do we say of him: "He lived superbly as proved by the money which he has accumulated?" If we were to write our own epitaph, this would be the last thing we would think of for our final eulogy.

For few of us are really beguiled in our judgments touching the relationship between wealth and life's real values. Most of us who strive after material success do so not because we regard it as life's highest good and the true criterion of life's worth. Rather do we seek it in order to acquire by means of it, other, and to us more valuable ends—security, independence, power, the respect of our fellowmen and a chance to play a rôle in the world.

Some people, to be sure, do think of wealth as life's greatest good. In their estimation life is summed up in beautiful houses and rich appointments, in costly raiment and glittering jewels, in many servants, in much luxury and ease. The wise man only pities them. The wise man does not underestimate the importance of material things in providing himself and his family with the indispensable requirements of civilized living. He is not an ascetic and he does not make a virtue of want and privation. But he does not confuse that which is necessary with that which is ultimate. He sees things in their proper perspective—as means to an end, as aids in removing some of the obstacles in the way of life's advancement. He knows too, as Socrates knew, "How many things there are in the world for which he has no use," how many are the things he can get along without, how frequently the super-abundance of things becomes a burden and a drag, and how often wealth makes of us slaves more abject than ever poverty does. Man does not require much to be happy. It is in his passionate striving after the excessive that the root of his unhappiness lies.

The great Russian, Tolstoi, illustrates this truth

in one of his "Legends" called: "How Much Land Does a Man Need?"

Pakhom was a muzhik—a peasant who was not rich but who had enough. He was satisfied. But one day he visited a richer relative in the city and envy made him dissatisfied. His few acres were no longer enough. He wanted more. So what with his savings of a hundred rubles, with the selling of a colt and half his bees, with putting his son out as a laborer and with borrowing, he succeeded in buying some more acres. He sowed his land and prospered. He was happy. He thought he knew now how much land a man needs.

But soon the rumor spread that people were moving to new places—down the Volga, where there were rich, fertile acres free for the asking. Pakhom reasoned: "Why remain here in straitened circumstances? I can sell my house and land, and with the money I can buy many more acres down in the Volga region and together with the free land which I will obtain there, I can have a real establishment." And so he did. He settled in the new place and again he prospered—on an even larger scale. Now he knew how much land a man needs.

But again glamorous rumor reached him of land most good and nourishing in the territory of the wandering Bashkirs which could be had for a song —thousands of acres of it. Pakhom was fascinated by the prospect. So he gathered up all his available capital and traveled five hundred versts to the land of the Bashkirs. He was well received and was told that he could have all the land he wanted. The price was one thousand rubles a day—all the land that a man could go round in a day was his for one thousand rubles. There was only one stipulation. If he did not come back within the day to the place from which he started his money was forfeited.

Pakhom was delighted. He knew that with his sturdy peasant legs he could cover a good deal of land in a day—in fact all the land a man needs.

Early at dawn he arose—and with the Bashkirs watching him, he set out upon the steppes. He walked about a mile, halted and dug a little pit and piled the turf in it to show where he had passed and went on. He quickened his pace. He stopped and dug other pits. It began to grow warm but still he kept on in a straight line. It was too early yet to turn around. He saw in front of him beauti-

ful, black soil covered with lush, green grass. No, he could not forego that. So he continued in a straight line. The farther he went, the better the land became. He began to feel weary. He thought of turning—but no, he must not miss this land. "Endure it for an hour" he said to himself "and you have an age to enjoy it." But the sun was now high in the heavens and so he turned sharply to the left and went on a long distance again in a straight line. He knew that he should be turning again to the left—but the soil was so rich and fertile. He walked on and then he turned the second corner. When he started on the third side he knew that he must hasten his pace. The sun was already far down in the west. He must now hurry back to the starting-point—which was now full ten miles away. But his legs began to fail him. He felt a desire to rest, but he dared not. His money was at stake. The sun was sinking lower and lower. He took to the double-quick. He threw away his blouse, his boots, his flask. He hurried on, weary and staggering. His breath began to fail him. His mouth was parched. His heart was like a mill pounding. He was afraid of dropping dead, and yet he could not stop. He ran and ran. He was getting

nearer. He could now see the starting-point. The Bashkirs were waiting. Pakhom exerted his last energies, threw himself forward with his body, reached out his arms to the starting-point and collapsed. A stream of blood poured out of his mouth and he lay—dead. A Bashkir took a hoe, dug a grave, made it just long enough, from head to foot —seven feet—and buried him.

And this was all the land the man really needed. . . .

What then is the true measure of life? Not time. Not things. Is it perhaps—happiness? Shall we say that the man who has been most happy is the one who has gotten most out of life? But then what do we understand by happiness? Shall we say that it is contentment, ease of mind, a sense of general satisfaction with one's self and with life? Then the least enterprising among men, the most stolid and unimaginative, the vegetative temperaments, the meager souls would have to be accounted the most happy. For these, as a rule, are the most complacent and satisfied. But are we inclined to concede this? Shall we say that those whose souls are tuned to a higher pitch, more vibrant and sensitive, the pendulum of whose life swings to greater heights and to

lower depths—the artist, the prophet, the dreamer, the thinker, the leader of men—shall we say that their lives are less blessed and weigh less in the scale of being? Do we not rather see in these lives, shot through as they frequently are with fury and despair, flung into revolt, hurled against the brute might of circumstance and yet reaching up, tortured and bleeding, for the divine gift of truth and beauty—do we not see in them the very acme and perfection of human existence? When you think of the great men of the earth, "when you call to remembrance the great and the good through whom God hath wrought great glory"—Moses, Jeremiah, Jesus, Angelo, Dante, Spinoza, Shelley, Lincoln—do you think of them as happy? Clearly there is no visible relationship between magnificent living and happiness.

The ancient Stoics drew a sharp line of distinction between pleasure which they called "voluptas" and happiness which they called "gaudium." The distinction is readily apparent. Pleasure is a physical, bodily enjoyment borrowed from without, induced by physical things, by food or drink or play or passion. It is a moment's or an hour's stimulation, followed by sharp reaction. The more it is

indulged in the longer the periods of reaction, ennui and depression. Happiness, on the other hand, they held, is an intellectual enjoyment, rising from within, "from our own store." It springs "from the knowledge that we possess the virtues, that we are brave and just and true." Such happiness —which to us seems to be a rather stern and cheerless sort—they held to be unbroken and continuous. But this Stoic definition makes small allowance for the accidents of fortune, for the sorrows which crowd in even upon the brave and the just and the true, "for the arrow that flieth by day and the pestilence that walketh in darkness," for the evils which come unsought, unheralded and unwelcome, and which turn even the "gaudium," the justly merited happiness and serenity of men, into bitterness and despair. Nor does this definition take into account the fact that the very men who most aspire to be brave in a world of moral fear, just in a world of oppression and exploitation, true in a world of deception and falsehood are the men who most often taste the bitter dregs of defeat and disillusion, and who most often experience the feeling of the utter emptiness and uselessness of all their efforts.

No, happiness is not always within our ordering, nor is it ever continuous, nor can it summarize the profoundest meaning of life.

How then are we to measure life? By success? Shall we say that he who has achieved what he set out to achieve has derived the most out of life? Then those of the lowliest ambitions, whose life-aims are the most ordinary and commonplace would have to be adjudged victors by this test. For it is they who succeed most. The man whose ambition is high, who links his destiny to a soaring vision, who brushes aside the petty gains near at hand for the distant goal is not likely to succeed. His hope out-distances him. His arms cannot embrace what his soul descries. Oft-times such men have nothing to show for their labor but the labor itself, nothing to show for their sacrifices but the sacrifices themselves—and the heart-aches.

There is an Indian fable which bears out this thought of ours. An Indian chieftain once commanded his three sons to climb a certain steep and difficult mountain and to bring back some object as a token of the highest point which they reached in their climb. Towards sundown the three sons returned. One had climbed half-way up the dan-

gerous slope and brought back a cluster of rare flowers which he had found there. The second had gone farther and reached quite two-thirds up the mountains side and brought back specimens of rare stones which he had discovered there. The third, the youngest and the bravest of the three, had by his pluck and daring climbed to the very top, but he had found nothing there to bring back with him. The crest of the mountain was above the timber line so that nothing grew there and it was one solid rock from which he could abstract nothing. "Father," he said, "I have brought nothing back. I have nothing to show for my labors. But from the heights which I reached I caught sight of the sea! . . . I caught sight of the sea."

No, achievement is no more a true measure of life than it is a true index of character. There are men who are great in the arena of thought and character and helpless in the arena of action.

How then, shall we measure life—our life? Not by time, not by things, not by happiness, not by success. By what? Why, by growth! Growth! Mind and soul growth! How much have we grown since yesterday, since yester-month, since yester-year? By how much have we bettered our yesterday's

best? Are we able to find beauty today where a while ago we could see none? Are we a little more reverent of truth today than yesterday? Do we love more truly now because we have learned to understand more profoundly? Does human sorrow and human joy and all the sweet, sad music of humanity stir us more deeply now because we have attuned our souls more accurately? Were there any fears which darkened our days in the past, any hates or bitterness, any selfishness or self-deceptions which we have now sloughed off and cast aside? If so, we have grown and we have lived.

Man's true life does not take place in time or space but in the secret processes of growth. All life is growth. The splendor and miracle of the universe are growth, unfoldment, becoming . . . the life-seed passing through the dark, mysterious stations of death and resurrection until it breaks forth into the breathless glory of flower and fruit. "And the earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and tree bearing fruit, wherein is the seed thereof, after its kind; And God saw that it was good." This was the supreme miracle of creation. Everything is a growing and a becoming. Nothing is done. Nothing is ended. Stars grow.

Planets grow. Worlds grow. Throughout all creation is an unceasing, throbbing life which manifests itself endlessly in endless variety.

To live is to feel continuously the teem and thrust of expanding life within one's soul, the thrill of new ideas, the throb of new purposes, the stir of revelation and new insight. Some plants live longer than others, some are hardier than others, some are more colorful and more fragrant than others, some bear fruit while others do not. But there is one ineffable glory in which they all share—they grow! They fulfill their destiny. Some men live longer than others, are richer, happier, more successful. That is interesting but not important—not the crucial test. The real test is growth. Do they grow? Are they fulfilling their heroic destiny of endless spiritual and mental infloresence?

This measure of life is a hard measure, for it does not preclude pain and suffering. All birth and all growth in sentient creatures are attended by pain. This is the law of the physical world. It is also the law of the spiritual world. No one can attain to the compensations of maturity, to the satisfactions of abundant spiritual life without these growing pains.

If then we have made of our life a developing romance, "a legend of budding and blossoms," if we have made our past fruitful and our present a seed-bed for future growth, if we are striving ever upward through labor and pain and struggle, if every year we feel that an added measure of mind and soul ripening has come to us—keener perceptions, finer discriminations, sounder judgments, deeper loyalties,—then we are alive and the greatness and the glory of life are ours and we may be called blessed among the children of men.

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